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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1595 AUG. 16, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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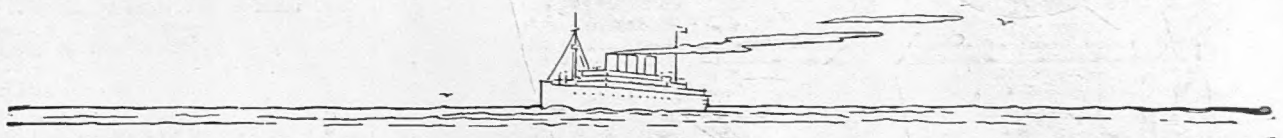

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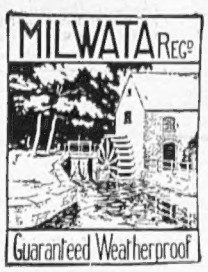

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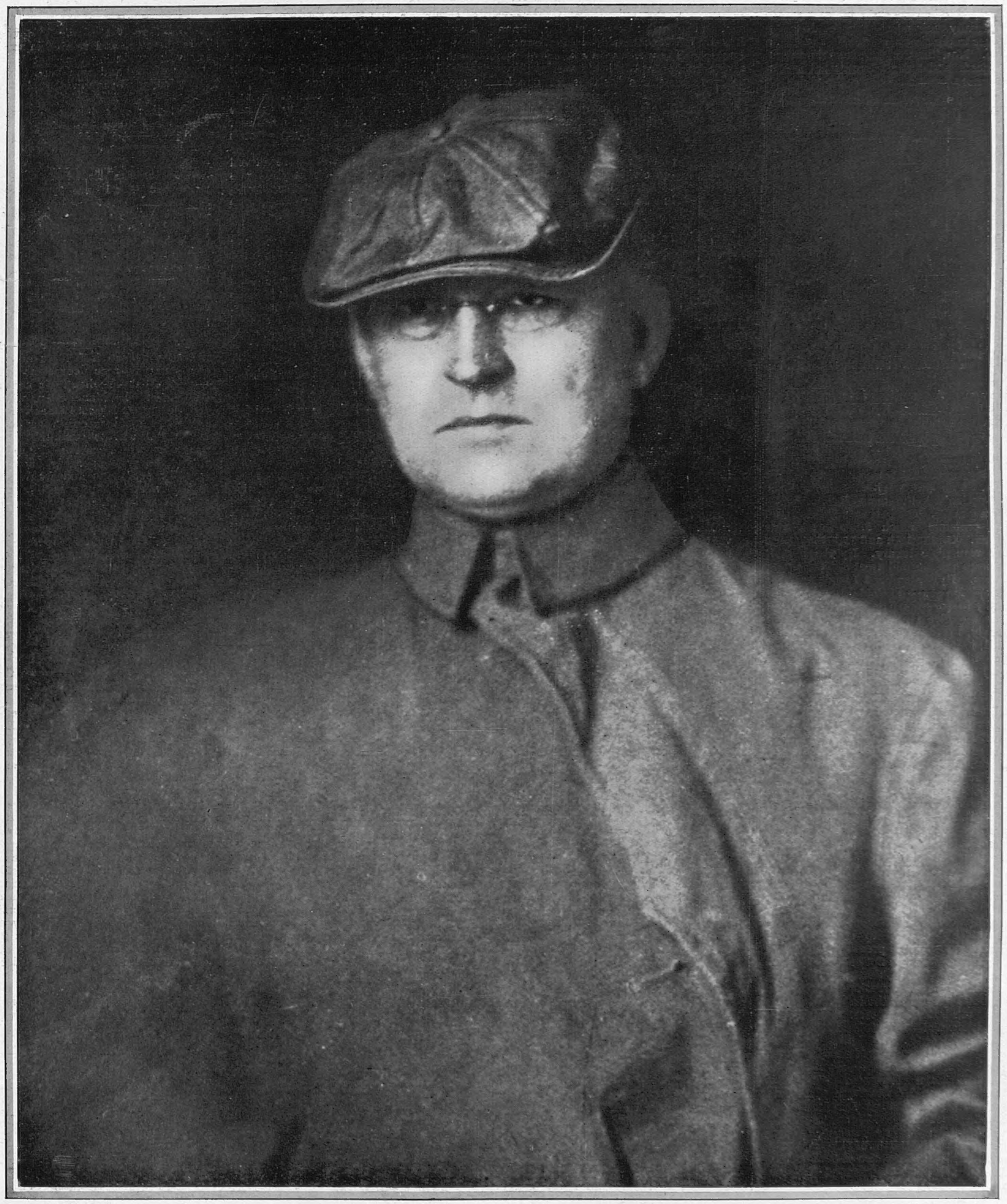
With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1595 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, August 16, 1930



THE POPE as A MOTORIST

His Holiness Pope Pius XI, of whose health grave rumours circulate with persistence, is celebrating the freedom accorded to the Vatican by the settlement of the Roman question by spending the hot weather in his Summer Palace at Castelgandolfo—a property accorded to the Papacy by the Treaty of 1871, but one no Pope has used since the inauguration of the "prisoner of the Vatican" era until now. In special motor-cars, the Papal fleet of which has been greatly enlarged, the Pope and his suite left sweltering Rome for the Alban Hills. The vehicle in which Pius himself travelled was fitted with an imposing throne armchair of luxurious and splendid appearance. The actual day of departure was kept secret. The special kit seen above worn by His Holiness on the journey is not only an indirect effect of Cardinal Gasparri's settlement of the Roman question, but a striking commentary upon the modernization of the Papacy.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 6, 1930.

The Crack on the Moors.—The Highland expresses have been "running in triplicate." The time-honoured "crack of the rifle" has been heard on the moors. The sportsmen were "early astir." The smart restaurants served punctually their poached or cold-storage grouse to the simple millionaires at 10s. a slice. Now for the first time Highland landlords and tenants know what sort of season to expect. It is to be above the average. A spell of unsatisfactory weather following the vital period did some harm to the late broods. Gradually the shootings have found their tenants, though many landlords were kept longer than usual on tenterhooks. Grouse-driving in Scotland never starts till the 20th. The first week of walking-up is instructive for the main business of a driving moor. The best moor in Scotland will probably reach 3,500 brace this season. On the 12th and 13th the grouse is a rare table luxury. By the 20th it becomes the normal treat of the upper classes. By September 1 I begin to share the opinion of the servants' hall that it is hardly fit for human food. If one must eat game, give me roast pheasant. But frankly, I prefer chicken. On the other hand, if it's a question of shooting, give me a high grouse or a down-wind drive every time.

GREAT SUCCESS OF NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: 137,568 visited the great naval base, during the week August 2-9 this year, an increase of 50 per cent. over last year's figures. The Royal Naval Benevolent Fund and other Naval and Marine charities will benefit accordingly

Glamis and Mr. Clynes.—That mild delicacy which goes hand-in-hand with the sensationalism of popular journalism in all matters pertaining to Royalty (but nowhere else), invested the visit of Mr. Clynes to Airlie, which is about nine miles by road from Glamis, with a certain mystery. Mr. Clynes would be a welcome visitor to any house, be it castle or cottage, but on this occasion his visit combined business with pleasure. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century it was customary for most of the members of the Government to be actually present when a presumptive heir to the throne was born. As many as fifty persons have been known to attend such occasions. When the Old Pretender was born to sorrow in St. James's Palace the presence of several dozen spectators was not enough to quash the vulgar rumour that he had been introduced in a warming-pan by the back-stairs to which the head of Mary of Modena's bed gave access. Though the job is now a sinecure, it is still the Home Secretary's duty to be "there or thereabouts" on these historic occasions; and Lord Brentford, I think, was on duty when Princess Elizabeth was born. When George IV was born the Queen and baby were on view in the great drawing-room at St. James's once a week. Glamis, incidentally, is no stranger to the birth of kings' grandchildren. I believe two at least of King Robert II's grandchildren were born within those ancient walls.

The Highland Exhibition.—I need not say that I hope that none who visit Scotland this year will pass Edinburgh without spending a few hours there. The loveliest city in Britain (save one) does not deteriorate. In this it is unique. There is that War memorial. . . . But I do pause to urge those who visit the Highlands to remember the Highland Exhibition in Inverness which opened on Bank Holiday, August 4. Miss Grant, who knows her subject, has done her work well. You will see Scotland through the ages and learn something of the life of the crofter of 1700, of the inhabitants of St. Kilda during 500 years. You will see the sad relics of a dozen lost causes—Montrose's, the Pretenders', father and son, and so forth; of the old fox, Simon Lovat, Flora MacDonald, the MacGregors, Lochiel. These folk who made romantic several pages of dull history will live again this autumn for those of us who examine their poor relics. The present time is not so radiant that we need despise the dark and dusty records of the past. Inverness is one of the most pathetic cities in the civilized world; I use the adjective in all charity and in its strict sense.

Mr. Cramp's Wisdom.—In the *Railway Review* last week Mr. Cramp wrote words of wisdom, and because they were words of wisdom expressed without frills, he wrote good prose. He appealed for one effort to arrest the swift degradation of the House of Commons. He spoke of "Scenes in the House," and scathingly indicted the Left Wing in these terms—

> "These are the gentlemen who prefer notoriety to work. To a great extent the newspapers are to blame for this by playing down to the craze for trivialities which seems to be rampant in these days. They regale their readers with details of the personal appearance of members . . . or the adventures of the household cat. . . . By the creation of a sensation inside or outside the House these people can achieve the advertisement which their souls love."

It is well said. If those responsible for the "popular" Press and all the degradation it stands for, could be tied up in sacks and drowned, the world would become once more a decent place; we should recognize truth again and know once more the value rather than the price of things. It is the popular Press which supports Lido lizards, "Society" stunt merchants, peer gossip-writers, Left-wing buffoons, third-rate tennis and cricket journalist-players, and all the other mediocrities which condemn us to international inferiority.

1930—Woman's Year.—The silly season, so far, has missed its chance. August, time out of mind the season for discussion of absorbing features of the sex problem, has not fastened with avidity on the now accepted label of 1930—woman's year. I believe, by the way, that I had the honour of first writing the label. But the silly season is not yet over, and before I am forestalled I shall strike one blow for my own crushed sex. Woman, it must be admitted, is supreme in Parliament and in administration. She is supreme in the art of novel writing and of belles-lettres. She has proved her supremacy in the air, in swimming, in rifle-shooting. She holds her own in the hunting-field and on the moors. In any sphere in which pluck, endurance, and coolness are prime necessities, woman is the equal or the superior of man. But in admitting the triumphs of women all down the line, we are apt to slur over any mild advance by the beaten army. Man has triumphed in a field once wholly occupied by woman. All the best dressmakers are men.

Someone Prospers.—Half a mile from my house, at the edge of a secluded common, lies an old inn abutting on one of our great trunk roads. I remember that inn seven years ago. It had an air of departed prosperity. Half a dozen agricultural-labourers dropped in for a drink of nights. A few cyclists and a hungry motorist or two sampled its stringy cold beef and used its one stained cruet. On Bank Holiday I visited it three times, at 11, at 1, and at 6 o'clock. On each visit I found not less than sixteen charabancs parked before its door; each charabanc contained on an average forty persons and all were spending money in the inn. That is to say, I observed 2,000 persons putting money into the till. It is fair to assume that 4,000 persons were served that day, fair to assume that £300 was taken over the counter. Every day in summer at least a dozen charabancs stop there for refreshment. The average day's takings in the summer must be £30. Seven years ago these could not have exceeded £3. To meet the demand, the mildest structural alterations have been made. A large Nissen hut has been erected as a luncheon buffet and a hideous car-park graven out of the heather. Within a radius of 100 yards of the old inn, which is still isolated on a huge track of common, the ground is knee-deep in greasy paper. So someone prospers in these hard days, someone is hopeful, but no one removes the greasy paper.

The Proms.—Sir Henry Wood has opened his thirty-sixth season of Promenade Concerts and thereby reminds us, even more violently than the first reports of grouse bags, of the approach of autumn. The intelligent Londoner welcomes the supreme consolation for an August spent in London; the wireless fan recharges his battery and presses the button, relieved for a time of all anxiety concerning the menu of his evening meal. It is a fine record, Sir Henry's. Has any man done so much to remove the reproach of Britain, to drive into our unmusical, unretentive, impatient minds some small store of discrimination and taste in music? But for his Monday's labours, would Wagner's name be known among the general public? I doubt it very much. He inserts his Gregory powder in a large spoonful of jam, for he knows his public thoroughly well now. We forgive him the jam, for he is a perfect wizard at slipping a little pure gold in between his pomps and his circumstances. Music lovers are well catered for just now. Some are off to Salzburg, some will travel as far as Haslemere. For those who remain, there is sanity and safety under Sir Henry's wing.

ARE WOMEN MORE FORGETFUL THAN MEN? Porters find many things—from perambulators to umbrellas—left behind in trains; but the majority of the brollies—a *sine qua non* for a 1930 holiday—seem to be feminine

Mr. Masefield.—There was one anxious moment when I began to fear that Mr. Masefield had misunderstood the nature of his recent appointment. It was Court poet's and not Court jester's rôle which he was appointed to play. But all is well. He has given up writing humorous letters to the Press and is at work on a new narrative poem which, when the Americans have done with it, will be handed out to the Royal Family and the British public. This is a seascape which Mr. Masefield is thoroughly competent to paint, and if it proves as good a picture of sea life as *Reynard the Fox* is of country life, it will be good reading if not great literature. I think that Mr. Masefield will prove an excellent official bard for his generation. He will walk with Kings and not lose the common touch. We shall understand his poetry and admire him none the less for being a shrewd man of business.

Weather Vagaries.—The variations in temperature and rainfall in neighbouring villages during the past lamentable month of cold and rain have been really remarkable. In my own garden between July 21 and August 6, two-and-a-half weeks, just over 4 inches of rain fell; that is not much less than the average total rainfall for the two months of July and August. But four miles away an equally careful record shows 2½ inches of rain during the same period. Similarly more than once I have passed from cold to heat and heat to cold in neighbouring villages of the same altitude. All this points to the fact that electrical disturbances have been the root cause of most of the trouble and not the big large-area depressions whose comings and goings have been so confidently announced and so often falsified. Anyway, I've had enough rain for a time. So have the gladioli.

No Smoke Without Fire.—I shall not be surprised if holders of shares in the great tobacco combines have an unpleasant shock when their next reports come out. In Manchester, where the Indian boycott is most hideously reflected, the smaller tobacconists scratch their heads and whistle lamentably. It has been our habit since the War to imagine that whatever luxuries might be curtailed, the "gasper" was and would ever remain a necessity and a best seller. It is difficult to imagine that anyone on the dole would deny himself luxuries, but so it is. Cigarettes are a drug in the market. The sport-fans no longer regard a cigarette as an integral part of their features and their recreations. And it must not be forgotten that cigarettes were in happier days an important item in our import trade into India. Cotton and Manchester are by no means the only big sufferers through the temporary loss of our best market.

Wheat Futures.—Close on the heels of a significant announcement that Canada anticipates a good average harvest, with no prospects of getting rid of its surplus grain because half of last year's surplus remains undisposed of in the granaries which should be standing empty to receive the new harvest, comes the announcement of impending ruin for American farmers in the Middle West. The unprecedented heat-wave, which America has endured is stated to have burnt up grain to the value of 200 millions, and carried America to the verge of a major national disaster. Such a disaster would have ultimately serious effects on the dwindling trade of this country and of the whole world, and because of this fact and the fact that the economic laws of supply and demand are beyond our comprehension, we cannot even mitigate the misfortune by pointing out that a glut of grain over the Canadian border in the absence of wheat in America suggests possible benefit to Canada. This is one of those childishly obvious conclusions which experts instantly quash.

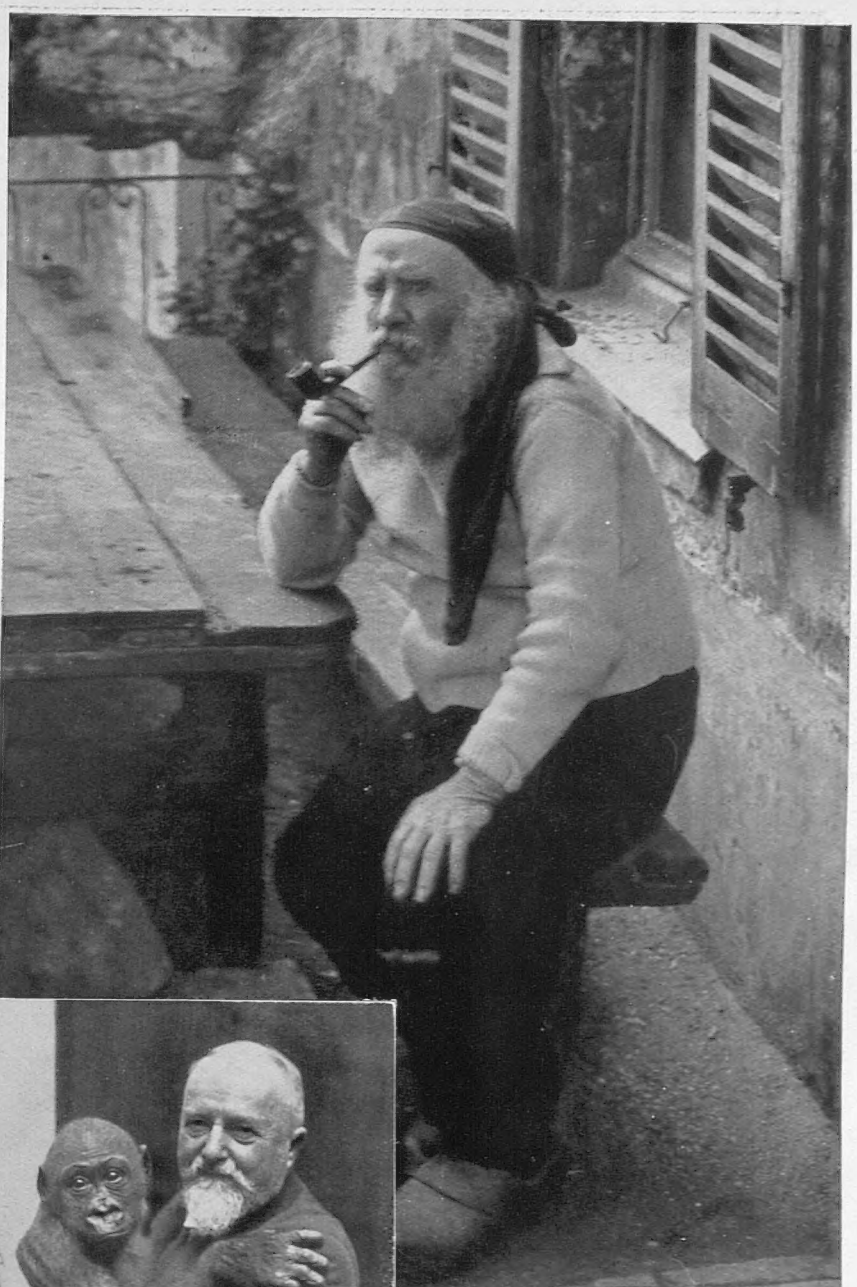
THE OLD STAGER.

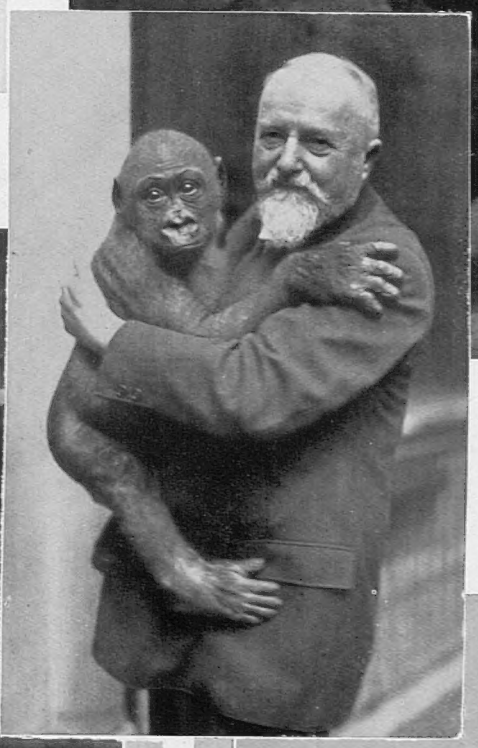
BOTH SEXES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PREFER BRONZE: The sun-tan tint may be acquired without sun bathing, as this advertisement for Germany shows. Apparently such make-up is *de rigueur* for men in the city on the Spree. Sun-bathing itself is rife throughout Europe—as pp. 305-6-7 of this issue pictorially prove

96 WEDS 104

A Pictorial Record of People in the Recent News

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN: The Hon. Mrs. Freddy Cribbs and Miss Dorothy Musgrave at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show at Ball's Bridge last week





FAREWELL TO LIBERTY! M. Blanchot, a Montmartre singer who, at the age of ninety-six, is going to marry Mme Piceau, a "notable" of Montparnasse, aged 104, after an engagement which has lasted sixty years. Both figures have a certain fame in Paris

ONE OF THE LAST BRIDES OF THE SEASON: Lady Katharine Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, was married quietly last week to Colonel Reginald Seymour, C.V.O., Equerry to the King, in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, by the Primate of All Ireland. There was no music save for the choir

A NOTABLE PORTRAIT: The presentation portrait of Lord Luke of Pavenham, K.B.E., by William R. Brealey, R.O.I., R.B.A. *Inset above*—THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN: Professor Dr. Ludwig Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoo, who celebrated his seventieth birthday last week

THE ROUND of the WEEK

THE HOME SECRETARY AT GLAMIS: Mr. J. R. Clynes, the Home Secretary, who has been staying with Lord and Lady Airlie in expectance of a summons to Glamis, where the Duke and Duchess of York are staying, with the Master of Kinnaird, Lady Leitrim, Mr. Boyd, and Colonel Clifton, after a luncheon party at Rossie Priory

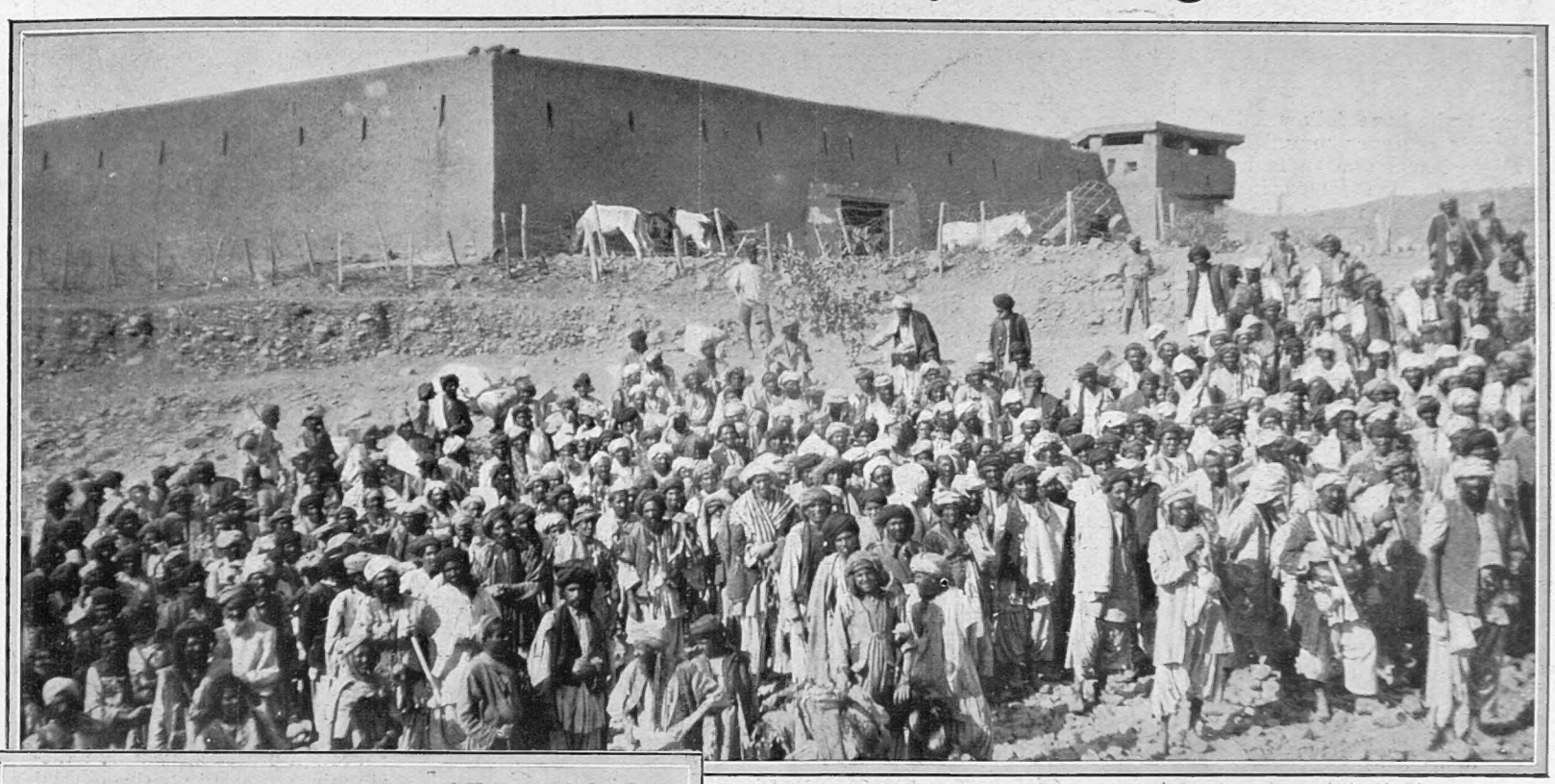
Below—SIC TRANSIT GLORIA: The destruction of the Hotel Cecil began on Saturday, August 9

TWO DROPPED PILOTS OF ENGLAND: The late General Sir Horace L. Smith-Dorrien—whose contravention of Sir John French's orders saved the Old Contemptibles at Le Cateau, but, nevertheless, forced him out of command—who has just been killed in a motor smash; and Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, who has been dropped from the English captaincy of the Test Team

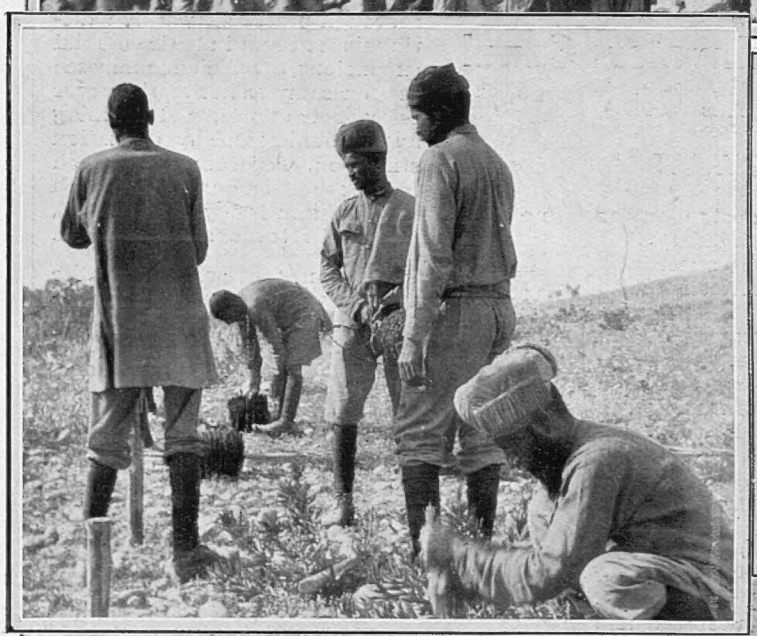
Russell

THE PRIMATE ADDRESSES THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: This great gathering of 300 bishops held its last meeting in Westminster Abbey, when Dr. Cosmo Lang dismissed them, following the administration of the Holy Communion, with his blessing and the words: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." Dr. J. de W. Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island, preached the farewell sermon. He said nothing of the conclusions attained by the Conference, but spoke with deep feeling of the advances toward Christian unity made by it. The Archbishop of Canterbury led the great gathering to and from the Abbey, the Metropolitans at his back, the bishops in two files behind them. On leaving, the choir chanted the "Nunc Dimittis." In its final session the Conference expressed its gratitude to the Primate by voting to give him a Pastoral Staff for use in the Diocese of Canterbury

PESHAWAR—MENACED by raiding AFRIDIS

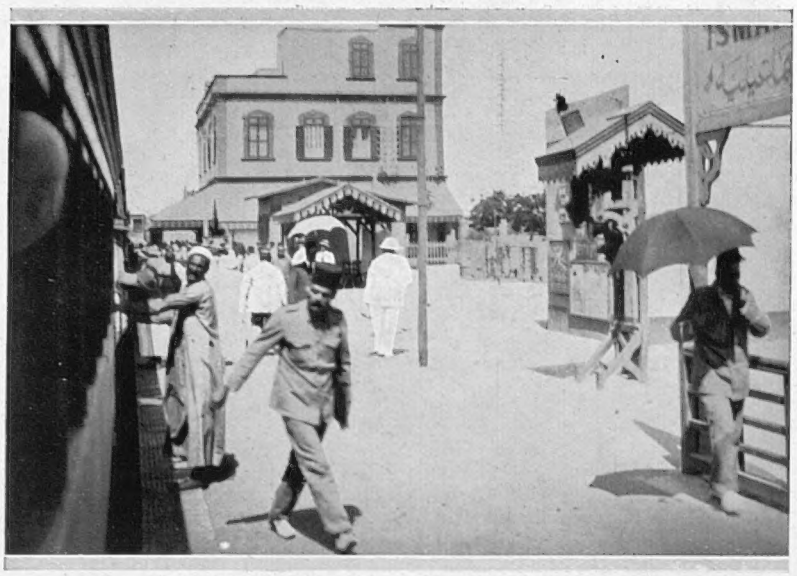


A POWINDAH AWAITS INSPECTION: One of the seasonal caravans returns to India proper with the merchandise they have acquired over the North-West Frontier



THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY IS THE VOICE OF DISCRETION: A British political officer addresses Afridi tribesmen at Landi Kotal. Above on left, *a native labour corps affixes barbed wire on the Afridi side of the electrified line, a high-tension cable standard of which is discernible in the distance.* In the centre *is a sentinel on guard in one of the perimeter camps at Peshawar.* On the right *is an inspection of a returning Powindah*

During the past ten days very serious news has been coming from the North-West Frontier of India. At first one learned that the R.A.F. had been very busy bombing tribesmen who had advanced over the Frontier in the direction of Peshawar. This news was extended by the information that there were seventy 'planes engaged upon this task. This large number indicated that serious incursions were evidently being made, and later news stated that the Afridis and the Zakka Kheis were advancing in force across the open plain towards the city of Peshawar. Apparently the mere fact of advancing towards the city in this manner is taken as a declaration of war. The estimated number of tribesmen who have been encircling, or endeavouring to encircle, the city, varies from five to ten thousand. For some hours they occupied an outlying military building. On Tuesday morning it was clear that the situation was developing in very serious fashion, as by that time the railway and telegraphic communication had been temporarily cut, and the Government of India was relying upon wireless from the R.A.F. machines for such information as they were receiving. The main line to India proper runs through Nowshera, across the Indus by the famous Attock Bridge, to Rawalpindi. There is a branch line leading northward to Dargai. No definite statement has been made as to the immediate cause of this attack on the city, but for some time past the growth of a "Red" movement has been very evident, the Russian sickle being employed as an emblem by the youths of the Frontier tribes. It would appear that the mountaineers are counting on the present situation in India as being a likely time for raiding a big city, and the chances good of lenient treatment if they are unsuccessful.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH CANAL OFFICIALS: Ismailia, connected to Cairo by the Freshwater Canal, and by railway. The railway station on the Port Said–Cairo line is seen above

The PARTING of the WAYS in EGYPT

The Case of the Freshwater Canal

The Vital Canal Link with Cairo

By MAJOR A. W. HOWLETT

People who have followed the extraordinary convulsions in which Egypt and India now find themselves must begin to ask if the whole vast organization is not in the throes of a grand climacteric, the issue of which is yet doubtful. Perhaps the greatest of the issues involved is the disposal of Egypt. The idealistic notion that we can leave Egypt to its own resources may be dismissed at once by all but the idealists.

In the first place there are so many jealous eyes on Egypt among all the great Mediterranean peoples that, even if we left, there would very soon be found a pretext for taking our place. In the second place, Egypt is not fit to govern itself; it has not the necessary governing element, and all its attempts have been failures, that is if it is to be accounted a civilized State. Of course, she can easily revert to her old traditional condition of a sort of anarchic slave state if that is going to satisfy the rest of the world. Thirdly, most professional strategists are clear that Egypt is going to be the next great centre of effort of those bellicose winds that are ever blowing across the ocean of humanity; and here again the idealist must be counted out, since the outcome is too serious for anything but practical politics, with the emphasis on the practical. The Egyptian people are the very unreliable stewards of a part of the world that is of immense and altogether disproportionate importance to mankind at large; if they were somewhere on the coast of South America or West Africa they could be left to stew in their own juice, but unluckily they have arrived and intend to stop in a land that cannot be ignored by the comity of civilized states.

In the fourth place, and as the *summa mons* of all the foregoing, there is the question of the Suez Canal, the aorta of the British Empire, without which the British possessions of the Far East would die of anæmia. The Briton who sits down to breakfast every morning seems little to realize how his breakfast, his morning paper, fire, slippers, light, wife, and children, and probably his job all hang as much on this Canal as his overcoat on its peg in the hall.

Disraeli, the astute Jew, was quick to apprehend the Canal's significance, and this country is for ever indebted to him for his hasty but well-advised interference in buying up so large a block of the Company's shares as to give us the predominance in the management at once before it was too late. But it does not seem to be realized at home that the spirit and management and personnel of the Canal are French.

The language of it is French; more than half the pilots are French; Ismailia, the beautiful town midway along the Canal, fifty miles from either end, where the pilots live in lovely trellised and creeper-clad villas and have their *cercle*, or club, along with all the shore officials, is also French. In Egypt generally the Englishman will find more use for his French than his English, which will doubtless be a revelation to many who have not been there. Even the small golf course is French, though the officers of the British garrison are allowed to use it.

Alongside Ismailia in the desert, a couple of miles away, lies Moascar, the British military camp which oversees the whole length of the Canal and the Canal zone. Its appearance is in striking contrast with the garden-like French town beside it, for it consists only of long rows of barrack huts, mostly wood and tin, sprawling out across the naked sand like that strange sand-plant the *mesembryanthemum*, and about as beautiful.

It is about this delectable spot, about as exhilarating as a Wigan slag-heap, that the British Army is invited to concentrate when it gives up Egypt to restrict itself to the Canal Zone.

The whole fresh water supply of the Canal and of the three great towns on it—Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez—comes off from the Nile at Cairo and is led across 100 miles of desert in a great channel called the Freshwater Canal. Reaching the Canal, this smaller canal runs alongside it to Port Said, the two running together as artery and vein run together in the body. One need not be a very expert strategist to see that this enormously complicates the question of our abdication of our position at Cairo; indeed, it is the crux of the whole problem, and stay-at-home folk who appreciate very dimly what life in the desert means are hardly likely to realize it, though I suppose the most ignorant can understand that an army must have a certain supply of fresh water for horse and man, if only for drinking and cooking. It is hardly necessary to remark that the water in the Ship Canal is sea water, and exceedingly salt at that. It must be its high salinity that gives it the lovely turquoise-blue which contrasts so marvellously with the golden-brown sands all round it, like a collar of amber on a peacock's neck.

At Ismailia the Canal broadens out into, or rather it is channelled through, a great lake, Timsah, a sheet of water as big as Bassenthwaite. It is on the shores of this that the small port of Ismailia is built, a sort of service garage for the whole Canal, where are kept powerful tugs and fire-fighters ready to steam away at once to any part of the waterway. Here, too, is the signalling station where every movement of every ship is registered.

As the Canal Company has to hand over all receipts beyond a certain sum to the Egyptian Government, it naturally spares no money in developing its property first, and amongst other activities devotes large sums to beautifying the town of Ismailia where its high officials dwell. Not long ago this spot was a death-trap of malaria, but thanks to efficent anti-mosquito measures efficiently devised and carried through, there is now very little of the disease to be seen. But the French, with that thorough practicality which distinguishes them in their colonial expansions, of which one may see further samples in Algeria, never relax their efforts, and draining and gardening and hygienization still go on. Adjoining the French town is the Arab quarter on which no sentimental philanthropy is lavished, though it is kept in strict order and sanitation.

The many thousands of wayfarers who pass through the Canal every year see little of Ismailia, for though the breat boats halt for a few moments out in the great lake to change their pilots, they are at least a couple of miles away and all that is visible to them is a forest of palm-tops and the filigree of long lateen spars of the numerous native boats that huddle about the shores.

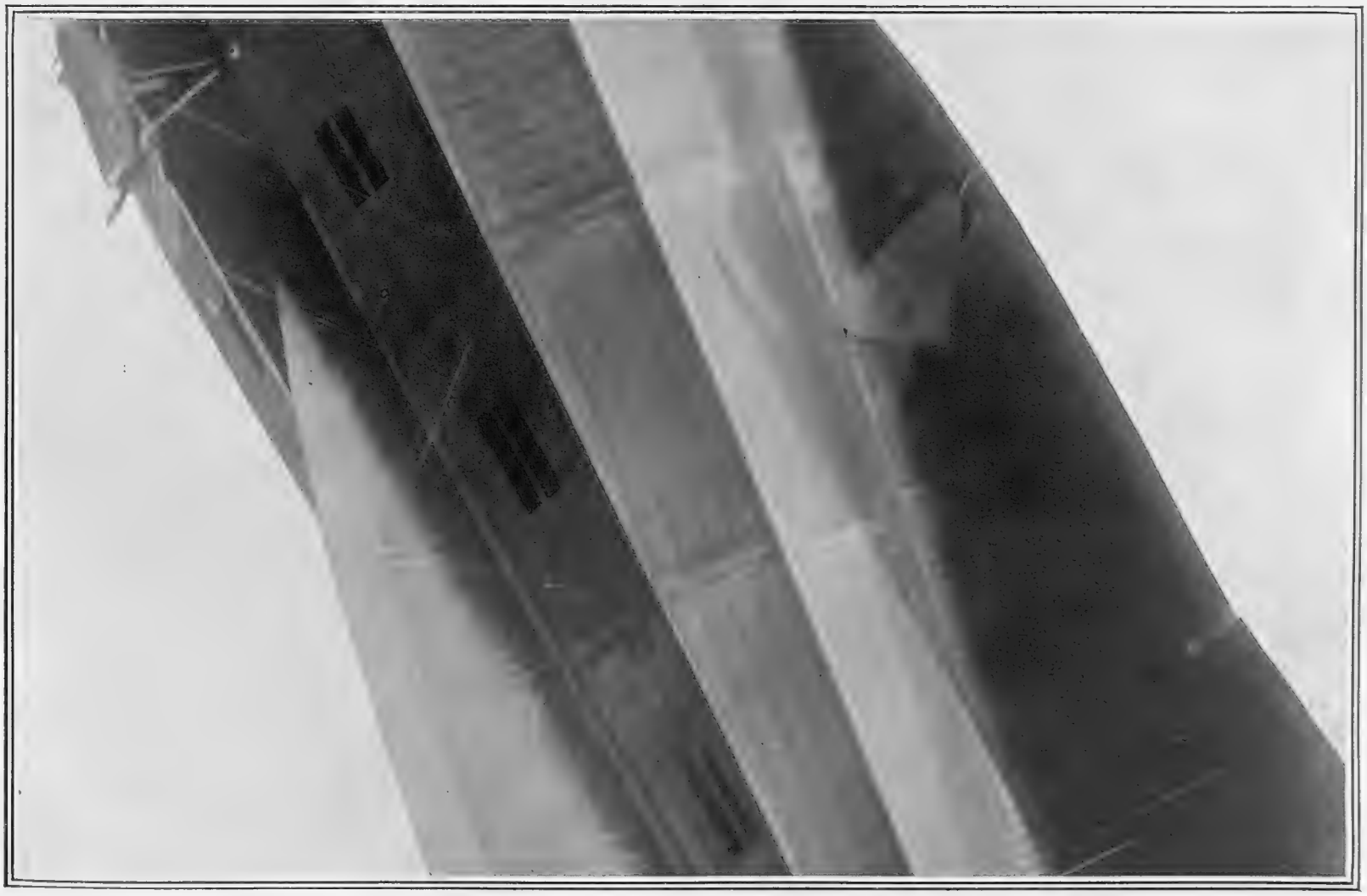
I used to cycle out of Ismailia to the rocky bluff whereon the French Hospital is built, partly for the cooling breeze that is always blowing up or down the Canal, partly to watch the great steamers swing past below me on their journeying from all parts of the East—China, Java, India, Burma, Australia—on their way to far-off Europe; and sometimes it was a little saddening to see how high were the British vessels in the water, how low the Dutch and German, laden with full cargoes, though, to be sure, one had to remember that the former were about two to one so far as numbers went. Just below me one of the great caravan tracks, as old as the dawn of history, crossed the rippling Canal waters by a heavy pontoon on to which the weary camels are driven with their never-failing chorus of snarls and groans, and far away, a long, ragged saw-blade of a range, low down in the terra-cotta sky, proclaimed the mysterious mountains of Sinai.

"THE WHOLE FRESHWATER SUPPLY OF THE CANAL, and of the three great towns on it, Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez, comes off from the Nile at Cairo and is led across 100 miles of desert in a great channel called the Freshwater Canal".

THE SILVER AMBASSADOR OF THE SKY

R 100 *Moves in Splendour Above the St. Lawrence*

THE CONQUEROR OF THE OCEAN: *R 100* above the St. Lawrence. The journey across from Cardington to Montreal was notable for two spells of severe weather which fully tested the airworthiness of the ship. Sir Dennistoun Burney expressed the opinion that ships twice the size of *R 100*, with a speed of 85 m.p.h., were necessary to maintain a regular service. Notes by Mr. C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane," on the voyage of *R 100*, appear on p. 324



THE DAMAGED FIN: Like its predecessor over the Atlantic, the *Graf Zeppelin*, *R 100* sustained fin-damage. Repairs were skilfully and daringly effected, however, and a record trip was made. Great stress was laid by Wing-Commander R. B. B. Colmore upon the importance of efficient weather reports and charts, as by these means an airship could pick a course to the best advantage. Although she encountered two bouts of serious weather, the excellent reports in their possession enabled those in charge of *R 100* to avoid many local thunderstorms, and to obviate undue delay from head-winds. With characteristic phlegm the opinion was registered that the only complaint during the entire voyage was due, not to strain, danger, or the arduous nature of the trip, but to the fact that owing to the alteration of the clock, meal times were uncomfortably close together! The log records a "Good Landing." The words are a characteristic understatement as the whole performance at the new mooring mast was accomplished in thirty minutes. The reduction gear in one engine has broken on mooring. The ship will, therefore, return on only five engines

"I DRINK TO THE FREE RHINE"

GERMANY'S HERO RAISES A SYMBOLICAL GOBLET:

Field-Marshal President von Hindenburg pledges the country, but now delivered from foreign occupation—a land he had sworn not to visit until it was free from alien dominion

HINDENBURG HONOURED:

The Goose-Step, relic of Imperial Prussia, demonstrated by the regular Guards regiment in Berlin

IN THE WAGNER SHRINE:

The catafalque of Siegfried Wagner drawn through the streets of Bayreuth, the town inalienably associated with the Master of Crashing Discord who was honoured at this week's "Prom"

STALIN READY FOR FLIGHT:

The Dictator of Russia (with a pipe) in a group of ardent Communists. It is freely rumoured that yet another revolt is brewing in Unholy Russia and Stalin is creating a fund of £20,000,000 in British and German banks to prepare for the emergency

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HARVESTERS OF HERRINGS: Scottish fisher-girls in their picturesque attire at work during the busy season at North Shields. The greater portion of the work during this period of the year, when the towns of Yarmouth, North Shields, Scarborough, and other east coast towns do the bulk of their annual trade, is carried out by the adept Gaelic fisher-girls, drawn mainly from the Aberdeenshire district. An interesting facet of their tireless industry is to be found in the fact that no sooner is their immediate arduous task performed than they wash, doff their leathern aprons, and walk along the quays busily plying their knitting-needles, which keep pace with their chattering tongues

SCOTTISH HARVESTERS of the ENGLISH HERRING HARVEST

NATURE'S SCAVENGERS: A voracious and strident flight of gulls comes to the coast resorts to feast upon the offal of the herring-gutting season

THE STRANGE VILLAGE of KIYA BE

How Arab Slave Raiders have Affected the Lives and Customs of a Primitive People

By PAUL L. HOEFLER

WHERE MEN ARE MEN: Paul L. Hoefler with members of the Wasara, a tribe of giants living in the French Congo, near the Sara River, a tributary of the Shari. Note the scars on the faces of the men, which are reputed charms to keep away the evil spirits

Gathering photographic facts about the natives of Africa, the Colorado-African Expedition, led by Paul L. Hoefler, which has been camera-trekking on the Dark Continent for the past year, recently explored the little-known regions of Belgian and French Congo and were successful in recording the mode of living and various traits of the inhabitants. The party visited the weird village of Kiya Be, in the French Congo, where they found the women practising the "art" of inserting discs in their upper and lower lips to make them larger in circumference—a mark of distinction among the natives. The party also succeeded in making friends with members of the Wasara, a giant race in French Congo near the Sara River, and made some excellent pictorial records of the huge men

Jones and I, with the assistance of Ali and the other boys, have been working here for hours under the rays of a red-hot sun, which burns the flesh like a blast from a fiery furnace, in a vain attempt to get the half-submerged truck back on hard ground. But now Jones and I are about all-in, and Ali is chopping away alone while we watch with rifles ready for the slinking crocodiles that crave this thin morsel from the flock of Muhammed.

Two days ago the expedition drove into Fort Archambault, where the kindly French Commandant gave us a comfortable bungalow in which to live. The garden contains many rare and wonderful tropical trees, and a high wall surrounds the entire establishment. It was the home of the Commandant himself until a short time ago, when his new and more pretentious place was finished.

This fort is a French administration point and military post, set deep in the very heart of equatorial Africa. A large barracks and parade ground where black troops step and march to commands in French, while interested wives and concubines sit under shady trees, smoke pipes, laugh, and jest, and sometimes fight. A few squat buildings of red brick and white plaster, where dirty half-castes barter and sell in the interests of their lords and masters, who are sometimes their fathers also. Cool and neat bungalows set in wonderful gardens, all behind brick walls that hide them from easy view. Wide, sandy avenues, and along the street side of the walls rows of flamboyant trees, and another species of tree which I named the "rhino horn tree," because of the short protrusions which cover their trunks and look like miniature horns, such as those sported by the great pachyderm of the thorn thickets.

Fort Archambault lies baking in the sun on the edge of the great, grim desert, which sweeps to the horizon, an ocean of sand, empty and silent, except for the gentle murmur of caressing winds. The crocodile- and snake-infested

BEAUTY MUCH ADORNED IS BEAUTY ADORNED THE L... Congo where Mr. Hoefler was entertained by the Disc ...

River Shari, which is here shallow but very wide, flows slowly around the ... side of the post, and its other sides are hemmed in by native villages. W... their enclosures of grass matting and beyond these villages, as beyond the ... lies the mystery that is Africa.

Across from our bungalow stands the large native hospital where a ... Russian doctor, now serving under the French flag, does his best to check ... avalanche of disease that ever flows towards his gates.

Watching from my seat on the broad veranda I noticed four husky ... men as they entered the gate to the hospital. They were bearing a cr... made litter, and behind them came more boys, carrying atop their he... white man's kit. Calling to Ali I walked over to the hospital and stoo... the doctor as the black nurses lifted from the litter what had once b... robust Frenchman but was now only folds of yellowish skin over protr... bones. An intense black beard and deep-sunken eyes gave this man ... earthly appearance, but the suffering that his thin body and burning ... bespoke is impossible to describe. After being given what comforts the ... afforded and an injection of quinine he seemed to brighten up a bit; ... although very weak from the fever, he was so glad to see white men ... that he insisted upon telling us something of what had happened to him ... last few weeks.

It seems that he had joined two other white men on an adv... after animal pictures. One of them was an ex-officer of the ... kaiser, who had fled Germany after the Great War and here sou... outlet for his adventurous spirit, while the other was a very ... German photographer who had been brought here by the ex-off... the purpose of the photographic expedition. They had entered the ... from near the village of Kabo, intending to explore the country bet... River Ko and the Bahr Sara, where they hoped to find the rare giant ...

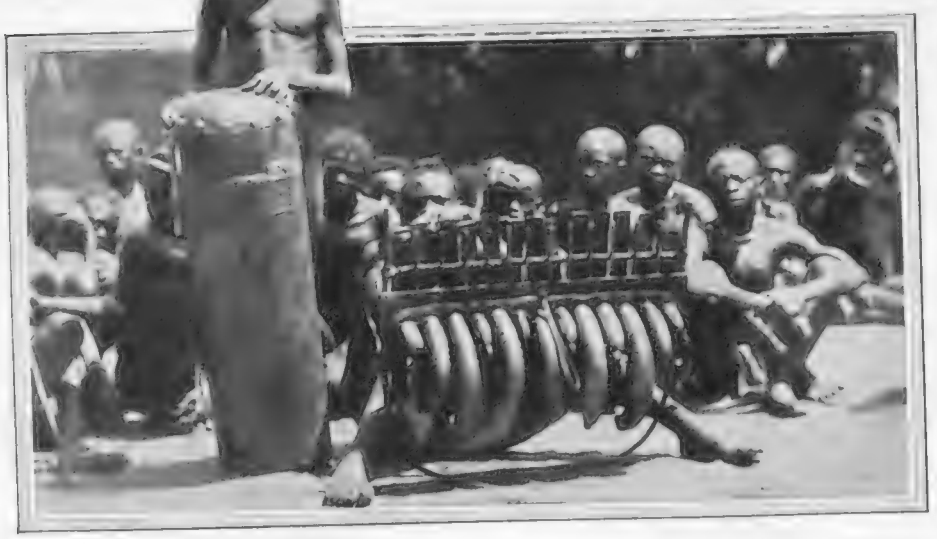
I First Hear of Kiya Be

When this work had been completed they planned to make the ... by native dug-out canoe down the Bahr Sara to its junction wit... Shari, and then entering the Bahr Salamat, a short distance to the ... pole their way up stream to the small village of Ko, and from the... overland to the strange village of Kiya Be.

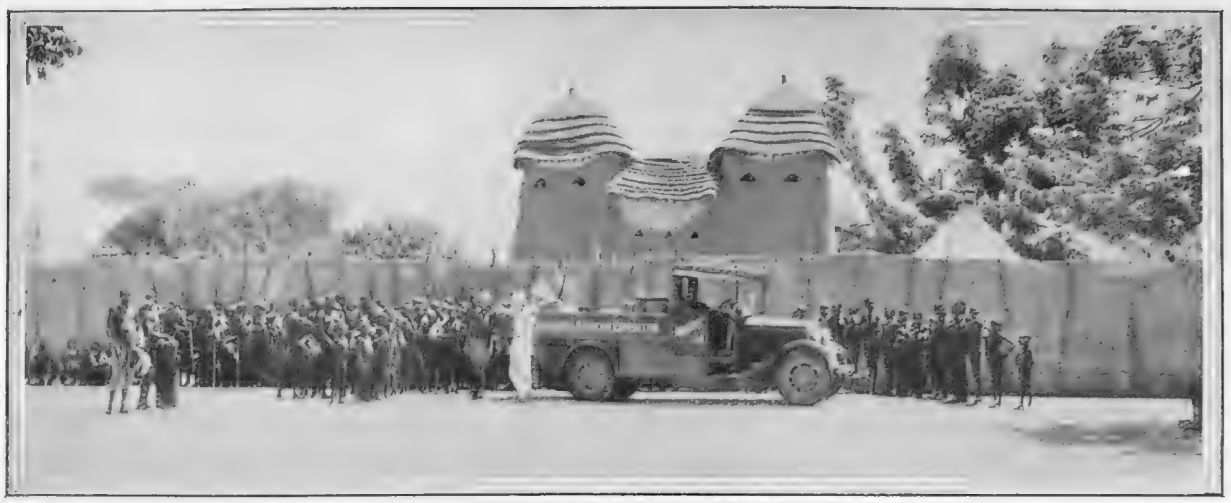
Things had gone along well enough until fever took charge; th... young photographer died, and after his burial the two remaining m... had quarrelled and then separated, the Frenchman making his way ... Fort Archambault. *En route* he went down with a bad go of ... spending some days at an unmarked village, until the chief ha... litter and sent some of his men with him to the post.

In reply to a question as to what had happened to the G... the Frenchman remarked that the man must have gone mad, ... had refused to come along to the post, and although low with ... insisted that he intended to continue the journey as planned ... reached the village of Kiya Be.

I had heard of this village before, and now this man's story ... with a desire to visit the place, but he could tell me nothing of ...



PRIMITIVE SYNCOPATION: This native orchestra found at the strange village of Kiya Be, French Congo, gave the expedition an original sample of pure jazz



OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF KIYA BE: The land of the strange Sara Kiya Be people, who for many generations acted as a buffer between the marauding bands of Arabs who swept out of the great desert, and the tribes that lived along the great rivers. The wall surrounding the village is one of grass matting; within are huts and the double tower from which the look-out spotted approaching Arabs

reach it. At this point the doctor suggested that the Commandant should know more about the village and its people than anyone else, so I wished the sick man a speedy recovery and then went in search of the Commandant.

This kindly gentleman told me what little he knew of the village and its people. A small detachment of Senegalese troops under a French officer had paid the village a visit some years ago in an attempt to stop the horrible practice of the Sara Kiya Be people in the disfigurement of their women. It was about sixty-five miles distant toward the desert, and no wheeled vehicle had ever made the journey there. The sand was deep and water scarce after we left the river. He would call the chief of the village near the river and arrange for some canoes to be lashed together into a raft so that we could get the trucks across the Shari.

cial evening in the French a Be

Meanwhile Ali was talking in Arabic to a tall man of the desert who used his hands in an expressive style to emphasize his words, and as I walked toward them the Arab bowed low and gave the familiar greeting of "siki." I returned the greeting and as Ali and I strode toward the bungalow he said to me, "Baya sana, Bwana, Baya sana sana," which translated from the Swahili gives this cheerful news: "Very bad, master, very very bad." "What is bad?" I ask, and he replies, "The country is bad, the people are bad, the food is bad, everything is bad."

And now here he was, just emerging from beneath the truck, with his chopping task completed, and the fear of crocodiles past for the time being. Jones and I put down the rifles and rounded up the black women and men who were lolling about in the small spots of shade. Some who were splashing water upon themselves at the river needed no rounding up, for as soon as we put down the rifles, away they rushed pell-mell from the water's edge.

These people had been recruited from nearby villages by the black guide whom the Commandant had sent along with us. Now he began shouting at them as if they were miles away instead of right under his nose. It seems to be the approved thing here to shout as loudly as possible at all times. With the small army of them lined along the 90-ft. rope, I gave a signal and they gave a mighty pull, which shifted the truck forward about three feet. Jones had run a steel cable to a nearby tree, and as they would shift the truck he would take up the slack, thus preventing it from sliding back again. When the rear wheels had reached solid earth I started the motor and with its help the natives pulled her out into the path.

So ended the episode of the sunken ferry, excepting that a gasoline feed-pipe was torn away, which kept us in this inferno of heat for another hour or so. When we did get under way again it surely was a relief to feel the cool breeze in our faces as we drove along. Speed soon became impossible, however, for we now entered the desert's edge, and as the sand became deeper we shifted down a gear at a time until there were none lower, then pulled along for hours at a snail's pace, with hardly enough power to spare to climb a mole-hill.

Under a Broiling Sun by the River Shari

We were constantly stopping to put in gasoline, oil, and water, for with that fiery orb hanging over our heads, and the heat from the sand coming up to meet us, it seemed at times as though the melting-point had been reached, both for the motor and for ourselves. We passed near many villages surrounded by walls of grass matting. Inside the enclosure were cone-shaped huts, and small grain storage huts, all arranged facing towards the centre. Special enclosures of strong woodwork were observed in each village. These are to contain the live stock at night, for although lions are scarce about here, those that are around are very bold, while the leopards are both numerous and destructive. Hardly a night passes but some unfortunate goat or sheep falls a victim to these spotted cats. These people are real raw savages, knowing nothing of the white man, and in fact nothing of the world beyond the River Shari. As we passed, the entire population of the villages would come out to gaze in wonder at the fearsome and snorting animal. The men would salute and stand awkwardly, as if uncertain whether to prostrate themselves before this strange thing or to run. The women were absolutely naked, and stood there quite unabashed, with astonishment written all over their faces. Children are the same the world over, and these boys and girls yelled in glee, shouted and waved, while some of the bolder ones ran alongside the truck until called back by frightened mothers.

Among these natives I noticed some that were very tall, some that had fine features and thin lips. The younger women especially were not only possessors of wonderful bodies, but many of them had a bearing and classical features of which any prize beauty of the white race might well be proud.

Unfortunately most of these people of both sexes had disfigured their faces. The skin had been cut and earth worked underneath until it caused odd-shaped blisters. There were, however, regular designs, those of the men differing from those of the women, while the designs of the younger generation seemed to follow a more elaborate pattern than that found among the older people.

Sand and dancing heat-waves, with once in a while these villages of savage life, where we would stop for a cooling drink of water drawn from deep wells and kept in earthen jars. Then we would again plough along in low gear, deeper and deeper into the silence of the sandy waste. This was not yet the true desert, for we were most of the time in groves of scrubby trees, where often a buck would scare up at our approach, while always thousands of guinea-fowl ran noisily from us, or with a mighty whirring of wings took the air for a short flight. My shot-gun came in handy here and it was not long until we had plenty of these game birds stuck away in the cook's box. All asked me if I preferred fried kanga (guinea fowl) for breakfast, or would I have it curried?

It takes a long time to pull through sixty-five miles of deep sand, so it was hours after sunset when our guide pointed to a cluster of fires that blinked afar and stated that there was the village of Kiya Be.

With the aid of the headlamps and a lantern our boys made us comfortable in a large hut, while the cook busied himself getting something ready for us to eat. Black bodies are hard to see on a black night, but our sense of smell told us that we were encircled by a curious crowd, and shortly the noise made it evident that the crowd was growing. As we sat down to eat they closed right in upon us. This proximity was not very appetizing, but it would not have been wise to order them away.

Kiya Be is a Cluster of Villages

After the meal the chief arrived with his lesser chiefs, whereupon I called Ali to find if his knowledge of Arabic would help us. It did, for the chief himself talked Arabic, as did some of his men. Greetings were exchanged and then I told them of our friendly mission, simply that we wished to visit with them for a few days, watch them dance, and talk to the women who carried the discs in their lips. It was of no use to tell them we wanted to photograph them, for they have no knowledge of pictures, and without doubt if they had been shown a reproduction of themselves it would have caused trouble. When dealing with primitive people who have had no experience with pictures I always remember what nearly happened to me on the island of Zanzibar, when a huge negro tried to cleave me in two pieces with a big banana knife, because he said I had stolen his spirit from his body to carry away with me.

The chief now told me that the German who was making his way here had been killed by crocodiles while taking a swim in the river near the village of Balbedjia. A horseman had brought the news two days ago. Crocodiles were very bad and had killed many of his people, said the chief. After the morning sun had peeped over the horizon we had a chance to survey our surroundings, finding that Kiya Be was really a cluster of several villages with one very large enclosure in the middle. This odd place was a fort. The square was constructed of double rows of matting through which no arrow or spear could penetrate. Inside in the centre stands a large building of red earth, of about two-and-a-half storeys high, with two towers joined together by a passageway high above the ground. In each tower are loopholes that look like eyes, while on top of each a pleated grass roof resembles nothing so much as a Chinese hat. Within the walls are many small food storage huts and a well of clear water.

A Silent, Creepy Place, is Kiya Be

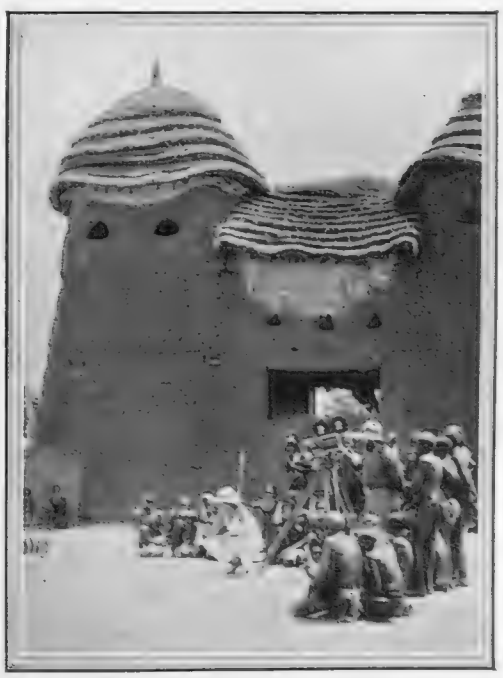
Never before had any of us found in Africa such an odd place with such a strange medley of people. There walked a tall man of over seven feet, naked except for a string of leopard-claws about his neck. There stood medium-sized men wearing loin-cloths and armed with long spears, while other men wore the long flowing robes of the Arab. Naked women and children strolled about, or carried bundles or jars on their heads, while sheep, goats, dogs, and a few beautiful horses mixed with the scene. People walked slowly from one shady spot to another through the white heat.

An oppressive silence hung over the village, and the people seemed to walk and move as if in a dream. The whole thing gave me a creepy feeling, while the burning, blistering heat made it easy to imagine that this was the region the damned, especially when a line of old women — dried-up and bent — slowly passed in parade before us. They were the disc women, strange creatures that looked like nothing on this earth.

It is hard to describe these women except to say that they are repulsive and yet command your sympathy. Both the upper and lower lip is distended to a seemingly impossible size. The lower is the largest, some of them being a good eight inches across the wooden disc around which the flesh of the lip is stretched. The upper disc is somewhat smaller, so that from the side they look like a broad-billed duck. One thing is sure, however, they look much better with the discs in place than without them. When the disc is removed and the distorted face exposed to view, then the real savagery of the practice is apparent.

These black women all smoke a sort of pipe, but to watch these disced ones try to enjoy a smoke would cause a wooden Indian to

(*Continued on page* 328)



ACTORS WHO NEVER WILL SEE THEIR FEATURES ON THE SILVER SHEET: Paul L. Hoefler (at the camera), and Harold Austin (directing) making movies under strange conditions as to sets and actors. The tower in the background looks like some set in Hollywood, but the actors have never even heard of the film city

The OXFORD UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON

Activities in the Summer Camp on the Kentish Coast

On left — OVER RAMSGATE: A Bristol fighter flown by a member of the Oxford University Air Squadron, now stationed at Manston

In oval on left — ENGINE INSTRUCTION: A lecture on the Rolls-Royce "Falcon" unit

OVER RAMSGATE: A Bristol fighter flown by a member of the Oxford University Air Squadron, now stationed at Manston

A LECTURE BY THE O.C.: Wing-Commander Garrod, O.C. of the O.U.A.S., lectures on cross-country flying and aerial recognition

THE WHITE WALL OF ALBION: A Bristol fighter over Westgate with its crenulated cliffs

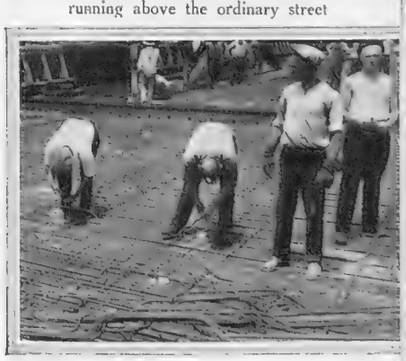
ABOVE THE KENTISH COAST: A member of the O.U.A.S. in a Bristol fighter

It would appear from these pictures that those members of the Oxford University Air Squadron who are spending part of their long vacation at the annual attachment at Manston will find this course of training one of the most enjoyable parts of their holidays. The aerodrome is situated close to the Kentish coast and although the day starts with lectures on aeronautics in its many phases, much of the time is spent flying over the Garden of England and the White Wall of Albion

NEW YORK solves her TRAFFIC PROBLEM with an ELEVATED HIGHWAY through the Congested Area

AN APPIAN WAY OF THE NEW WORLD: The first division of the new steel road from Canal Street to West 22nd Street, New York. Called the West Side Express Highway, its construction will cost £3,000,000

TO COPE WITH THE TRAFFIC: The elevated road in New York known as the West Side Express Highway, running above the ordinary street



Ewing Galloway

WIRING STEEL RODS: A scene at work on the elevated highway which will carry two roads, each 30 ft. in width, from the southern end of Manhattan (down town) to the centre of the city—i.e., 72nd Street, where it will join Riverside Drive

Ewing Galloway

REINFORCING WITH CONCRETE: A portable lift is operated on the ground level and attached to a mixer

TO BE READY FOR TRAFFIC IN OCTOBER: The great elevated road in New York which will cost almost £3,000,000, and the first division of which runs from Canal Street "down town" to West 22nd Street—still down town compared with the shopping, theatre, and residential districts. As may be seen above, the road runs along the great docks of the city. In the distance are the sky-scrapers of the area where numbered streets give way to named thoroughfares, and the city was built on the European and not the American "grid-iron" model. Although London's traffic is a by-word and the congestion in Paris fantastic, New York conditions are more acute. The only solution the U.S.A. can find is in the construction of a double set of roads—even as the New York city transport runs on three lines — above, on, and below the surface

AT THE HELM OF RUSSIA: M. Davtian, who has been very active in Persia; M. Ouglanoff, the Labour Minister who is stated to resemble Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; and M. Ongareff, whose pacifism admits of his enthusiasm for a larger and still larger Soviet Army

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

PHARAONIC INTRIGUE.—In the shadows behind the political stage on the Nile, and in London, intriguers are at work plotting to play off Abbas Hilmi, ex-Khedive of Egypt, against King Fuad I in the latter's conflict with Nahas Pasha and the Wafdist party.

Abbas Hilmi was removed as Khedive of Egypt by the British Government early in the War, on the ground that he was friendly to enemy Powers. The ex-Khedive denies that, and attributes his dethronement to the alleged personal hostility of the late Lord Kitchener.

It is not the first time that Abbas Hilmi, who is quoted in a recent interview as "ever ready to serve Egypt" has been used as a threat to intimidate his successor, King Fuad I. Not so long ago, the spectre of the return of the former Khedive was conjured up to make Fuad I more amenable to certain policies. At that time, the King of Egypt was really impressed by the idea of the possibility that Abbas Hilmi might execute a *coup d'état* by coming across the frontier in an aeroplane.

Early this year, Abbas Hilmi made a thinly-disguised bid for the Egyptian throne in his manifesto "A Few Words on the Anglo-Egyptian Settlement," published in January. In his book, the dethroned ex-Khedive warmly approves Mr. Henderson's treaty appeals to the Egyptian people, incites them against King Fuad I, whom he bitterly attacks. Obviously in the hope that the Egyptians would call for his reinstatement, and that it would be backed by British support.

Ever since King Fuad ascended the throne of the Pharaohs, his enemies and opponents have claimed to be working with the ex-Khedive for the latter's restoration. Plot and counter-plot with the two sovereigns as pawns in the game which is more international than merely national, have been as colourful, as sinister and vicious as any in romantic fiction.

The present intrigue, if such it can be called, is much more open, and is alleged to owe its inspiration to certain members of the Wafdist party and the support of Abbas Hilmi himself. How far the newspaper reports that the ex-Khedive has placed a million pounds at the disposal of the Wafd, is just a move to create an impression in the Royal Court at present in Alexandria, will be known later.

Britain cannot wholly and sincerely be neutral, in the true meaning of that term, in the conflict between King and Wafd so long as there are British Troops of Occupation in Egypt. Sooner or later, in one way or another, British interests will be affected, or those of some foreign Power, which can mean the same thing.

It requires no prophetic vision to see that the game of playing off the King against the Wafd, and using the Wafd and the Constitution to intimidate or check Fuad I, will one day come to an end. And that end may not be good.

AIR-WOMEN.—"The Powder-puff Derby." This characterization by some American newspapers of an air-race in America recently has justly aroused the ire of some two hundred women flyers in the United States.

Ray Long, editor-in-chief of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, gallantly comes to the defence of the "Powder-puffers of the Air," and attacks the facetious efforts to belittle the activities of women in aviation. Just because one American woman attempted to fly the Atlantic, but did not get across, and was represented by the newspapers as being very busy with powder-puff and lip-stick when rescue came, women of the air have suffered generally under this implication.

The arrival in England of Miss Amy Johnson, crowning her wonderful flight from England to Australia, her enthusiastic national reception; the winning of the English Air Derby by Miss Winifred S. Brown from some of the best men pilots in Britain; the award to Miss Winifred Spooner of the Women's International Trophy; the flight from London to Cape Town and back by the Duchess of Bedford; Mrs. A. S. Cleaver's flight to India and back in a tiny Moth; the participation of Lady Bailey and Miss Spooner in the 4,750 mile Round-Europe Touring Derby are ample proof that Englishwomen at least cannot be called mere "Powder Puffers."

And the same is true of American women, whose numbers include Miss Amelia Earhart, and Miss Elinor Smith, who established a new altitude record for women when she reached a height of 27,418 ft. this March. Not to mention the hundred-year-old Mrs. Helen Burnell of San Diego, who flew to Los Angeles, declaring that one is never too old to fly!

Frenchwomen in aviation are worthily represented by Madame Lena Bernstein, who broke the record for endurance flight by a woman in May, when she remained in the air 35 hrs. 46 mins. and 55 secs. Germany has several famous women flyers including Thea Rasche, Margret Fushahn of Stuttgart, and Fräulein Bach of Cologne, the latter claimed by many German aviation experts to be the finest woman pilot in Germany.

ELDORADO.—Japan, where the "Red" flag enrages like the proverbial red rag to a bull, is justly proud of a "Communist island."

"Natural Communism" has reigned in Hatsushima, off the coast from Atami since time immemorial. For uncounted centuries, the island has followed a code of unwritten laws, administered by a Conference of Elders, who express approval or disapproval by a nod or shake of the head. One of the most stringent laws provides that the number of families of Hatsushima must total forty-two, neither more nor less. To conform with this law, only an eldest son may marry and live on the island. The others must leave the island and establish themselves elsewhere, returning occasionally for a visit. The present population is 273, of which 144 are men and 139 women.

The islanders are fishermen by trade. All fishing equipment is common property, purchased and kept in repair from a common fund. Profits are equally divided amongst the families. Upon the island is a communal farm divided into forty-two allotments of land, upon which each family cultivates vegetables for home consumption. The standard of living for these Hatsushima "communists" is higher than that of fisher-folk or peasants anywhere else in Japan. They enjoy comforts of the middle classes of the mainland.

Very pious, the community generously supports the Hatsuki Shrine, indulging in a picturesque and unique festival once a year, when a remarkable religious dance is performed by young men in white kimonos.

This festival is the only amusement that the islanders know. There is no store or shop in the village, and one tea house.

The Reverend Mr. Kosuge, who has spent much time in studying the islanders and their history, says that Hatsushima has never known a theft, fight, or fire, no labour troubles and no inter-family friction.

THE "RED" HERRING.—The fear of Communism does not diminish. If the newspapers are to be believed, the whole so-called "capitalistic world" is a-tremble and on the defence in a silent and invisible war with "Moscow."

That fear seems to be growing and keeping pace with the increasing economic depression. America is even barring certain Russian imports on the ground that they are produced by "convict labour."

Fear has a weakening effect psychologically. Often it reflects inherent weakness, nearly always lack of self-confidence. Inevitably it opens the gateway to defeat. Fear immediately implies admission that the attacking force or whatever may confront one is the stronger.

Communism has become the veritable "bogey man" of adults. Statesmen, politicians, newspapers are prone to use the term indiscriminately The bandits who captured, plundered, robbed, raped, and burned in the city of Changsha in China the other day are called "Communists" in the news reports. It was estimated that there were more than half a million bandits and pirates in China when I was there last year.

The straining for progress and independence in Egypt is "Communism." Hungry unemployed demonstrating for work and bread are imbued with "Communism." In the United States governmental and police investigations have been going into "Communistic activities." True—a hungry man or woman is apt after a time to see "red."

How far is this secret implied or openly declared Fear—real? And in how many instances is "Communism" only the "red herring" to deceive as to the true causes of economic depression, consequent unemployment, and attendant unrest existing almost universally to-day?

I am no defender of Communism. I do not believe in it. But neither do I believe that Communism lies at the bottom of all the troubles in the world to-day.

It is not Communism that has created the causes of four to six million unemployed in America, more than two million in England, nearly three million in Germany, more than a quarter of a million each in Austria, Poland, and Italy. It is those causes, however, that furnish the soil for Communism.

I object to every trouble being called "Communism," because if those who tell us that, do not soon fearlessly recognise and face the REAL causes of world economic misery and political distress with some constructive thought, we may have Communism in some of the countries mentioned out of sheer intellectual bankruptcy.

Has Communism such an appeal to the masses in the Western world, excepting only as a convenient flag reflecting hunger, discontent, and revolt against human misery? I do not believe it. Missions, Commissions, and individual investigators sent to Russia have brought convincing proof that the masses in the Soviet realm are very far from being as materially well off as the working-classes in "Capitalistic" countries.

Russia has a programme—an aim. It may be good, it may be bad, but it is a programme. It is militant, forceful, aggressive, positive.

We in England are drifting, waiting for something. I do not know what. There is no programme. No policy. Nothing to spur, nothing to inspire. Germany is even worse. America is tending in the same direction. There is no central thought, no unity of will.

And that is why there is fear of Communism.

AT THE HELM OF GERMANY: The Finance Minister, Dr. Dietrich; the Secretary of State, Dr. Trendelenburg; and the Minister of Public Worship and Education, Herr Grimme

DAYS OF YORE

THE "DELHI" EAST INDIAMAN

These two delicate aquatints are characteristic examples of the colour prints of Mr. G. Geoffrey S. Garnier, whose favourite subjects are the tall ships of "the days of yore." The bottom picture shows one of the old East Indiamen, the sails stripped from her yards, in the gale which wrecked her at Marazion, on the rocky Cornish coast in 1817. The famous St. Michael's Mount can be seen in the background

ABDULLA
SUPERB CIGARETTES

ABDULLA IN LOTUS-LAND

MULBERRY LEAVES.

My Mistress gathers Mulberry Leaves on which the Silkworms feast,
I stand and hold the basket tight for half the day at least—
Oh, why must Ladies talk so long—and pluck a leaf—and sigh;
I want to sail my dragon kite far up the cloudy sky.

No other boy has built a kite so swift and light as mine;
The Silkworms are a greedy Race, but long they wait to dine—
The Ladies heap my basket high more indolently yet,
With endless pauses to enjoy Abdulla's Cigarette.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

SUN-WORSHIPPERS the World over

ONE ANCIENT GOD HONOURS ANOTHER: Neptune Beach, Alemeda, California, pays homage to Phœbus Apollo. The combination of these two deities is doubtless the most health-giving of all mythology

THE LIDO OF SWEDEN: Sun-bathing, which has spread through Germany like wildfire, has made its appearance even in the northerly clime of Scandinavia, as witness this scene at Svackgaéds Baden

ADORATION OF APOLLO: At Juan les Pins one lies face downward on a mattress and strips one's bathing suit to the waist. In Germany they are not so modest

IN A SUN-TRANCE: A group of sun-bathers, exiguously clad in towels, soak in the solar rays and absorb health at Bovisand, near Plymouth. The attraction of activity of any sort—tennis, golf, dancing, flirting, even sea-bathing—yields pride of place to-day to the prostrate devotion of Apollo

MEDICAL TREATMENT! Sun-bathing forms a part of the curriculum instituted by the Borough Association of Hastings for the benefit of the children. Physical jerks are held on the shore under the direction of Sergeant Moss—a popular feature of the resort which attracts a large audience—and these strenuous exertions are followed by the scene shown above

COME UNTO THESE

"I STAND UPON A ROCK ENVIRONED BY THE SEA": Señorita Lili de Alvarez, monarch of all she surveys, invoking in classic attitude old Poseidon at Cannes

DOUBLE BEZIQUE! Miss Leila Hyams and Miss Dorothy Sebastian while away a care-free hour at Santa Monico Beach, California. The American version of the game is called pinochle and packs are stripped to the nine instead of the seven. Specially heavy cards are used lest even the gentle zephyrs of the Pacific Coast blow them away. Bridge and rummy are also popular as beach games

A BREAKER OF RECORDS: Miss Helene Maaison, a Western swimming star, broke the world's records for the 100 yards, the 220 yards, and the 500 yards free style swimming on three successive days

FRIEND TO A VORACIOUS COMPANY: The stormy weather of the past month brings the sea-gulls in to shore. One hardy bather, undeterred by the winds from taking her morning dip, has endeared herself to the screaming throng by feeding them daily

TALES OF PRECIOUS ARGOSIES AND SUNLESS TREASURIES: A scene at Sennen Cove, Cornwall, which proves that the blood of our island race still thrills to the tales and the lure of the sea

AN AL-FRESCO COLLECTION: In a sheltered cove in the rocky Isle of Guernsey, a picnic party is a real joy. The mild climate and the solitude render it unnecessary to wear anything but bathing-dresses. "Thés Nageants" take the place of "Thés Dansants" in many resorts in the warm weather

THE MEDICINE BALL: A great game although Miss Evelyn Brent seems in no need of medicine

YELLOW SANDS

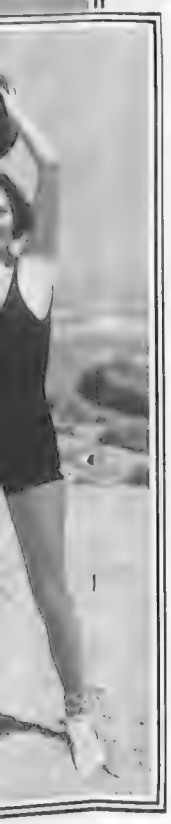
REFLECTIONS: Miss Dorothy Jordan, whose white costume and cap are mirrored in the wet and shining sand, wears black shoes at Santa Monica Beach as a contrast to her alabaster skin. Inset above—*A STAR OF TWO WORLDS: Miss Leila Hyams, once a swimming instructress and now a film star*

'WITH EYES AS FITFUL AS THE SEA": Gulls swooping and circling over the jade and sapphire surface, the clouds billowing round her head, the varying moods of the deep are mirrored in her eyes

A FLOTSAM THRONE: Clad in a backless bathing dress for royal robe, this lady Canute does not bid the sea to stop but welcomes joyously its foamy kiss on her ankles

THE HEALTH LINE. A happy group on the Tunnels at Ilfracombe, North Devon. There is no physic so effective as the sea and the North Devon coast is a panacea for many ills. In these days grandparents, parents, children, and grandchildren benefit by a revivifying dip in the sea—so far have we progressed from the "too young or too old to bathe" maxims of the years gone by

STAR AND STAR-FISH: Miss Loretta Young enjoys a dip in the warm Pacific after a hard day in the studio. She consorts only with stellar performers even on the beach!



BALL: A great Miss Evelyn Brent need of medicine

Autumnal Activities in August: A Page for Horse Lovers

A FAMILY GROUP: Master Dick, Miss Peggy and Master Anthony Celley with "Bobby," a beloved white pony. The riding kit of white piqué is the latest mode for juvenile equestrians

Above—AT A PRELIMINARY MEET: Lord Poltimore at the Preliminary Meet, held at North Molton, Devon, under the direction of Colonel Wiggin of the Somerset and Devon Staghounds

GOLDEN FRUITS OF THE EARTH: An early harvest scene near Goring, Oxon. Even in these mechanised days one can see the old-world horse-teams lending a picturesqueness to the country it too often lacks

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BARRIE ON TOBACCO

From "My Lady Nicotine."

Nothing is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobaccos, it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once, you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

Craven

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Ordinary or Broad Cut. Airtight Tins, 2 oz. 2/5; 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN THE WORLD: The Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, whose members alone may fly the White Ensign on their yachts

PERIL shakes the ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

The Enthusiasm of the Princes for the Air Renders it Doubtful whether the Royal Yacht Squadron will retain its Pristine Power and Prestige

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

When it was quite certain that the Prince of Wales had replaced his lost pastime of hunting and steeplechasing with the new sport of flying, and, moreover, had taken Prince George with him into the new element, the Royal Yacht Squadron sighed in its grey old castle home on Cowes Point, and in its cutters, yawls, schooners, and ketches skimming the sheltered waters between the Isle of Wight and the mainland.

For it had great hopes that the heir to the throne would at least take to yachting and become as actively associated with the world's premier yacht club—which needs him badly—as his father and his grandfather before him. He is indeed the first heir to the throne for a century who has not displayed that love of the sea and sailing which is supposed to be inherent in the males of the ruling House of the island race.

He does not even attend the Squadron's celebrated regatta, which is sandwiched between the last race-meeting of the London Season and the opening of grouse-shooting on August 12, and which Sovereigns of England have faithfully graced by their presence since its inauguration.

The Squadron shakes it head over this phenomenon. The decay of the seafaring spirit in the younger generation of England's oldest and most aristocratic families worries it. Year by year it becomes more difficult to find suitable candidates to fill vacancies. The young men of ancestry and spirit who ought to be clamouring at the Squadron door are either flying or motor-boating—and speed-boats are one of the things the hard-sailing Squadron abhors. It was only after a controversy that lasted years, and threatened to split the club, that it rescinded an old rule banning steam-yachts and disqualifying any member putting such an abomination as an engine in his craft.

Plenty of millionaires, of course, would be only too glad to join the Squadron and build and sail yachts by the score for its honour and glory. But they are just the men the august club snubs. It wants neither the steam-yacht class nor persons like the post-War peers (War contracts, mammoth stores, heavy industry, and newspapers) who in recent years have blossomed forth into peaked caps and reefer jackets, and acquired racing yachts of the largest class to sail against the King's *Britannia* at Cowes.

Very particular is this most illustrious and exclusive of all clubs. Although throughout its eventful life it has been on the most intimate terms with royalty, always in some vague yet decisive fashion it has seemed to confer a favour upon royalty by allowing it to share the Squadron life and fill the highest offices.

Perhaps that is because most of its members trace descent back to a time when England's sea power was being founded by their ancestors, strong, roaring men who sailed the English seas long before the vicissitudes of dynasties and great ruling Houses operated to bring a Windsor to the throne of England.

The present Commodore is Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, a big-framed navigator with a broad face that shows the island breed at all points. The Vice-Commodore is the Marquis of Camden. The Admiral of the Squadron is King George V.

Great nobles are among the members—men like Lord Lonsdale, Hereditary Admiral of the Coasts of Cumberland and Westmorland and Lord Warden of the West Marches; the tall young Duke of Sutherland, who has been President of the British Navy League; and Lord Londonderry.

It has been said, indeed, that the best way for an aspirant to crash the club is to disguise himself as an ancient woad-stained Briton and sail past the Squadron windows on a skin raft, whereupon the members, enchanted by this glorious survival, would invite him in and make him an honorary member on the spot. But this is a cynical fantasy due to the undoubted fact that the committee is awed by neither titles, money, steam yachts, nor even achievements, but is impressed by ancestry and a gentleman's code and background plus the sea spirit and navigating skill.

Last summer they elected only five new members, apart from the usual half-dozen distinguished senior officers of the Navy brought in as honorary naval members, and completed the representation of the Royal Family by making Prince George and the Duke of Gloucester honorary members.

Edward VII, the Squadron's President as Prince of Wales and its Admiral as King, had the chagrin of seeing a wealthy but self-made aspirant whom he had himself proposed (he had many rich friends of whom the very English Squadron could not approve) black-balled by members whose respect for loyalty to their Sovereign stopped short of permitting even the King to introduce a *parvenu* into their club.

Sir Thomas Lipton is the most celebrated example of the exclusion of first-generation millionaires, even though they be mighty yachtsmen. If anyone deserves to be honoured by British yachting it is this veteran self-made Scot who has spent nearly a million in attempts to regain the battered old America's Cup from the New York Yacht Club—a cup offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron for the original race between British and American yachts, and lost by the Squadron to America.

King Edward wanted him in. But Lipton had made his money in trade, and is still actively in trade. To-day the yachting millionaire belongs to fifteen clubs which carry the prefix "Royal," but the Royal Yacht Squadron is not one of them.

No one paid much attention to the club when it was founded in 1815 by forty-two yachting men anxious to "promote seamanship and the improvement of sailing vessels," and it was not until the Prince Regent wrote a year or two later "desiring the honour of membership," and was accorded the same, that the Court circle rushed to join. A few managed to get in, but the rest ("courtier rascals," one Squadron member called them) were kept out. From this time dates the intimate association of the club with England's ruling House; also its reputation for ruthless black-balling.

By 1826 the forty had become 100, and had further acquired a recognized yachting uniform consisting of a "common blue jacket with white trousers." A commentator of the period remarks that "to such as are not too square in the stern it is far from being an unbecoming dress."

King Edward lent lustre to the Squadron as Prince of Wales, and was such a popular Commodore that on his accession to the throne he was requested to continue his official connection with the Squadron in the newly created office of Admiral of the club, and he did.

For him the great designer, Watson, produced his masterpiece, the big cutter, *Britannia*, which has remained the most remarkable racing yacht of her time since she was launched in 1893, and is one of the loveliest ships the world has ever seen. She has four sleeping cabins, can dine a dozen guests, and sleep her full racing crew of thirty odd. She got her construction cost of £10,000 back in a few seasons out of the prize-money she won, besides paying for her keep.

When he became King, Edward VII sold her to the present Commodore, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, but regretted the sale and bought her back a year later. And now the present King, a trained seaman, has her, and often takes his trick at the wheel. She races under a flag carrying the Prince of Wales's white feathers on a field of red and blue.

There are only seven yachts in the big class in English waters, and the King's thirty-seven-year-old *Britannia* is the old bell-wether of that flock and the pride of the Squadron—few of whose members could afford to build or run such a boat these days. Building costs have quadrupled, and it takes all of £10,000 to race for a season one of the big yachts of the *Britannia* class, which carry a crew of thirty-five. Even twelve-meter craft of thirty-five tons cost £5,000 to build or buy, and half as much every year they are raced. (On the other hand, a light aeroplane costs only £600, and a thirty-five knot speed-boat a mere £400.)

In the Squadron they always said that luck, not sailing, took the coveted cup away from the *Arrow* and gave it to the *America* that historic day. But although some £10,000,000 has been spent in endeavours to recapture it for England, neither the *Arrow* nor any other British yacht to date has managed to shift that battered old silver trophy from its niche of honour in the New York Yacht Club.

The Royal Yacht Squadron offered the cup. Six New York yachtsmen, headed by Commodore J. C. Stevens, promptly formed a syndicate, and George Steers, son of an English shipwright, who long had been settled in America (and who had already designed the immortal *Gimcrack*, in which the New York Yacht Club was founded), modelled the *America*.

The great race started on August 22, 1851. It was sailed around the Isle of Wight in a light, unsteady, westerly breeze. The *America* was last away of the fifteen starters, but she gradually worked up, and when the British *Volante* and *Freak* collided, and the *Arrow* ran aground and the *Alarm* stood by to render her assistance, the *America* established a lead and increased it until Queen Victoria, an anxious spectator on the Royal Yacht, got from her signal-master the historic report which became legendary in the United States: "*America* first, Your Majesty. There is no second!"

Despite vicissitudes — the ex-Kaiser's bad losing, the vanishing of many famous ships, in the Squadron at the centre of it all little has changed. Everything is much as it was in the days when Wilhelm raced his *Meteor* at Cowes — men, boats, ways. Few new faces—and no Prince of Wales fostering yachting by his own example and carrying on his father's and forefather's tradition.

The barriers have given way a trifle under the strain. The old exclusiveness betrays the faintest touch of dilution; and some of the big-yacht-owning millionaires, industrialists, princes of commerce, and stock-brokers, who sail their boats outside the Squadron castle during Cowes Week but never get even as far as the famous lawn, are taking heart and hope.

GREAT YACHTS OF TO-DAY: "Shamrock V," "White Heather II," and "Cambria," seen from the deck of "Candida," owned by Mr. Andreae

Lenare.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH: A new portrait of Miss Margaret Kennedy, in private life Mrs. David Davies

THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT

CECIL ROBERTS Criticizes a Book which should Never have been Written

The story of that ill-starred Italian Expedition to the North Pole has been told by its commander, General Nobile, in his book *With the "Italia" to the North Pole* (Allen and Unwin. 15s.). It is such an hysterical piece of writing that one begins to wonder, half-way through the narrative, whether this was the kind of man to command so desperate an enterprise. The chief blame possibly lies on the shoulders of the Italian Government, determined at all costs to propagate the spirit of the new Italy. Despite the appendices, or rather because of them, it is difficult to understand how a man of such slight experience and knowledge should have been put in command of this expedition. General Nobile explains why he was the first to leave his companions on the ice-floe. He declares that he would again act as he did on that occasion, but while it was certainly not an act of cowardice, such as the world execrated, it revealed a complete lack of judgment concerning the necessities of command.

Allowing for the flamboyancy of the Latin temperament and the strain under which the General naturally writes, his narrative reveals a restless, tense temperament whose excitability is the last thing that should appear in the leader of an expedition of this nature. The cheapest melodrama could not surpass the scenes as described by the returning leader: "A young boy with grave and thoughtful face stretched out his hand to give me a note, 'Forgive us, General, if for a moment we believed the shameful things that were said in the papers.'" This in Copenhagen, but in Italy, which had first of all heaped its rage and disappointment upon the head of the unfortunate commander, the scene was still more theatrical. "Boys with tear-reddened eyes, shaken, quivering with emotion, caught me by the arm, kissed my hands, crying 'Only command us! We are ready to die for you!'"

And what is one to make of the request of Mariano? We have never heard of arctic explorers asking for decorations for their own valour. "He asked me to propose that he and Zappi should have the gold medal for valour conferred on them for their conduct on the pack." Although the General's heart bled at their sufferings he declined the request politely, not because applications of this nature filled him with astonishment but because their heroism "ought to be considered in a different light from that of military achievements."

On the evidence of this book it seems clear that the nerves of the Italians went to pieces. In one crisis two of them were induced to sing. "I gave the two singers a special ration of sugar to encourage them to repeat their musical effort, but I must admit that not even the promise of such a generous reward could induce them in the days that followed to send their song ringing out over that fearful expanse of ice."

Altogether it is an astonishing book, as crude as the expedition it describes. Tears, kisses, embraces, high-flown speeches about glory, and the production of testimonials of character, do not somehow seem in the tradition of Polar exploration.

Some weeks ago, while writing about surviving Victorians, I made one serious omission. I did not mention one of the leading figures of the Eighteen-Nineties who is, happily, still with us. This is Sir William Watson, who, but for a curious and not very creditable shuffle in politics, would have been the Poet Laureate after Austin's death. A master of the magnificent line, and the writer of some of the most splendid poems of our age, continuing the sober Miltonic tradition, the eclipse which has overtaken this poet offers a singular instance of the vagaries of Fame. I believe Sir William's last book of poems brought him in the sum of only twenty-eight pounds. It is true that no one wants poetry these days, but what I find equally true and astonishing is that many do want rubbish, if it is "modern." I have in mind a recent book of poems which went into four editions in which one searches in vain for a good line or a singular thought.

Sir William Watson is now seventy-two. He issued his *Collected Poems* nearly twenty years ago, but among the younger generation his name has not been heard of, to its great loss. One wonders what is the reward of the life labour of the conscientious artist.

The autumn book season promises several interesting issues, and while writing about the figures of the Eighteen-Nineties I am reminded that Mr. Holbrook Jackson will shortly be publishing the first of two volumes giving us the fruits of tremendous labour. Early in November his book on *The Anatomy of Bibliomania* will be issued by the Soncino Press. This work is to be 300,000 words in length and will deal with every known effect of books in the lives of men, in all their curious and varied ramifications. Bibliomania, or Book Madness, is the central theme, and the bookworm will find that he is quite the most insignificant of the curious specimens the author has collected. A whole chapter deals with book maniacs, whether they be biblioclepts, bibliolytes, biblioclasts, or bibliotaphs, who I believe are a rare sect that find pleasure in burying books, perhaps not so objectionable a race as the bibliophagi, or book-eaters.

"On the train out of Fayetteville, Arkansas . . . " thus begins Mr. T. S. Stribling's new novel, *Backwater* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). What memories that opening sentence recalls! Arkansas, pronounced Arkansaw, is perhaps the wildest State now left in America. Last year, as I was driven from the station, I ran into a cavalcade of white-gowned men on horseback. They were all cowled, and a more sinister-looking procession I have never seen. It was the Klu Klux Klan out on a ride, probably to tar and feather some unfortunate victim. Over a building near the main street hung a large cross, illuminated at night with electric lights, the sign of the Klan's headquarters.

Ten miles out of Fayetteville, in the wild Ozarks, the wooded region, I was taken to a ranch to find, not cattle or lumberman, but an Englishman who had settled there to write, surrounded by all his books. He was connected with civilization by a road that was under water for two months of the year and was quite impassable for mud during the rainy season. Greater solitude he could not have found at the North Pole. And what was he writing? A treatize on the human mind and the herd instinct!

An extraordinary fellow. He had made a small fortune building railways in Mexico, had lost it prospecting in Nevada and, at the age of fifty, had become literary and won success with some short stories based on his hard life. Last year he turned up at Maidenhead, where he had taken a furnished house in order to "study the psychological change in the British race after the War." The book on the herd instinct? Oh, that had been discarded. A publisher had offered 5,000 dollars for the best boys' story book. He had won the prize and given himself a holiday in England. It is obvious that anything can happen in Arkansas. At one of the Universities there all the students passed out with degrees, although it was found some of them were illiterate, having come straight from the backwoods. This wholesale manufacture of graduates became such a scandal that the other Universities made a protest. The Legislature stepped in and passed a law that in future sixty per cent. of the students should be *failed!* The day that I arrived Fayetteville was excited by a heresy hunt in its midst. The local council had passed a resolution that the whole of the Bible was true, including Jonah and the whale. A local schoolmaster, who had expressed doubts upon the whale, was deprived of his position. The town was divided into pro-Jonahs and anti-Jonahs.

I do not know whether Mr. T. S. Stribling is any relation of the more famous gentleman of the ring, but his book contains one of the most exciting fights I have ever read. The attack on the Murdoch household has every element that would delight the cinema fans who complain that the Wild West is no longer wild.

The American language is certainly still very wild, and the tactics of American love require a vocabulary that must leave our own bright youth standing. Jim finds Mary Sue in the dark under a tree. There is nothing exceptional in that, but then—"The *rondure* in his arms and under his hands filled the youth with mystery . . . his blood pressed his throat with a quick rubbery rhythm." Perhaps this throat business is proper in a bootlegger's son, and Mary Sue seems to have been worthy of that rubbery throat—which I believe has no connection with the term "rubberneck" as we know it. Mary Sue was "an adept in the strength and ardour of men . . . . 'Goodness, Jim, you might be a football player or a boxer!' She gave a little shiver and lifted the hand upon her waist higher upon her torso."

SEVENTY-TWO YEARS OLD: Sir William Watson, who might well have succeeded Austin as Laureate

There is evidence that Mary Sue had had a college education, but the torso incident suggests studies with a sculptor. Moreover, she has strict ideas about family tradition. Jim cannot hope for success, despite a rubbery rhythm in his neck or a grip on the torso, for mother had said: "Mary Sue, you're old enough to meet anybody you want and to marry anybody you want. I have given you aristocratic, well-mannered parents. I hope you can say as much by your babies." Mother's sentence seems a little mixed, but it is clear that even in wild Arkansas two things must be respected—Jonah and blue blood.

Mr. Stribling's erudity and the utter bathos into which he can descend is in strange contradiction to his skill in devising and telling a story. He has colour, passion, and a sense of the dramatic, but his strangulation of the English tongue frustrates the effect he might achieve.

At the end of his novel, *Flight Without End* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), the author, Mr. Joseph Roth, supplies some biographical details. He tells us he was born in September, 1894, the son of a Russian Jewess and an Austrian, and that he lived in Vienna and Russia. From these facts it becomes clear that the story of Tunda is largely autobiographical. It is without any merit as a narrative except that it is an interesting and frank recital of the life of a European vagrant, without purpose or principle. Franz Tunda is an Austrian officer, or Bolshevik emissary, as the occasion turns. In the course of half-a-dozen liaisons, the weak instability of his character is wholly revealed, and one begins to see how dangerous are such people to the social fabric, without any obligations or loyalties. The title is well chosen. This life is a flight without end, so that in the last chapter we take leave of Tunda standing listlessly in front of the Madeleine.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION: Colonel Wellington Furlong, the well-known American explorer and lecturer, with "Kupi," a three-months-old leopard he has brought back from his latest expedition—to the Congo

The capitals of Europe are full of such wastrels, and often one wonders what the frank story of their lives would be. Here it is told dispassionately, and the one claim of this aimless book is its artistic honesty. At the end of his autobiographical note Mr. Roth says: "I have written eight books about which very little is known. I have no great public and no high income. I expect neither one nor the other." That sentence supplies a key to the apathy of the book, which, nevertheless, has a strange attraction.

"SONS O' GUNS"

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the New Hippodrome Show

MUSICAL COMEDY WAR: A special "Sphere" picture, taken from the front of the Hippodrome, of Sons o' Guns *Mr. Bobby Howes's new vehicle. Imported from America, this light treatment of "fun and games behind the lines" will, it is anticipated, ride lightly on the crest of the tidal War Wave that has washed the shores of letters and the theatre—and left many*

"LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG": Mr. Bobby Howes and Mlle Mireille Perrey (the innkeeper's daughter), just before the former executes a step dance on the table

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WAR: A café scene in Paris. Sons o' Guns consists mainly of "set pieces" and high jinks behind the lines —"All Noisy on the Western Back"

The four pictures of "Sons o' Guns," the Anglicised American importation at the Hippodrome, were taken specially for "The Sphere" with the new camera and by the new process, utilizing only the ordinary lighting, which has revolutionized drama pictures in illustrated journalism

A SUCCESS AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB: Miss Madeleine Carroll, whose performance in Dance with no Music *was highly acclaimed*

SHAMED INTO ENLISTMENT: Mr. Bobby Howes, the rich young slacker, is induced to join up by the patriotism of his valet, Robert Hale. The funniest scene in the play occurs when Sergeant Hale drills Private Howes

THE CAUSE OF FAITHLESSNESS: Miss Celia Johnson, as the shopgirl in Cynara, *the popular play at the Playhouse*

METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS

Scenes of the Constructive Destruction in the Strand

A PRECARIOUS EMPLOYMENT: A linesman on the telegraph wires high above King's Cross, the terminus whence the L.N.E.R. radiates to the north

WITHIN A STONE'S-THROW OF "THE SPHERE'S" HOME: The arcaded front of Lancaster Place, which is now in process of demolition and exhibits more beauty in ruins than it did in its entirety

A SCENE OF DEMOLITION: The south-eastern corner of the Strand, opposite the Gaiety Theatre, where Lancaster Place and Wellington Street are undergoing metamorphosis

A BEAUTY REVEALED BY THE HOUSE-BREAKER'S PICK: An exquisite panorama of the river is displayed, enhanced by the framework of ruined arches, through which the imposing piles of Westminster are viewed

AN HOTEL OF MANY VICISSITUDES: The de Keyser building, once an hotel, then an office during the War, then the home of Lever Brothers, is now being demolished. The original de Keyser was a Belgian who became Lord Mayor of London. The building was the subject of a test case in Constitutional Law

Fast approaching extinction under the house-breaker's pick is the block of buildings known as 1, 3, 5, and 7, Wellington Street, Strand, and 1 to 10, Lancaster Place, opposite the western front of Somerset House. Strange as it may seem; in their almost demolished state the houses present a far more picturesque and even beautiful appearance than ever they did when they were standing whole and inhabitable. Then they had no charm, serving as they did a purely utilitarian purpose, while now the broken arches and the light striking against and through them reveal contours which escaped observation before; while, when looked at from the right angle, one house still upstanding among the ruins has something of the attractiveness of a villa perched high up on a hillside in some village in Southern Europe. Standing on Crown land—the ground belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster—a building lease has been acquired by the Law Land Company, Ltd., and a large block of offices and shop will be erected on the site by the architects, Messrs. William and Edward Hunt. This new building will be an imposing one, nearly 300 ft. long, 65 ft. wide, with a height on the Savoy Street side of some twelve storeys and with an area of about 20,000 sq. ft. The façade fronting Lancaster Place will be faced with Portland stone and the flank overlooking the river will form a bold feature of the Embankment view. In this reconstruction the only house left of the terrace, built a century ago from the design of Sir Robert Smirk, a well-known architect of that time, will be that containing the offices of the Duchy of Lancaster, which it is understood will not be demolished, at all events for the present. The whole of this property falls within the precincts of the Savoy, whose present boundaries (which are beaten every year), extend roughly from the Temple on the east to the late Hotel Cecil on the west, while on the south a boundary is just below the Duchy house. It is interesting to note, in passing, that at one time the boundaries numbered twenty-nine, but to-day there are only twelve. Within the Savoy area stood the famous Savoy Palace, which was once the residence of John of Gaunt, the "time-honoured Lancaster" from whom the street derives its name.

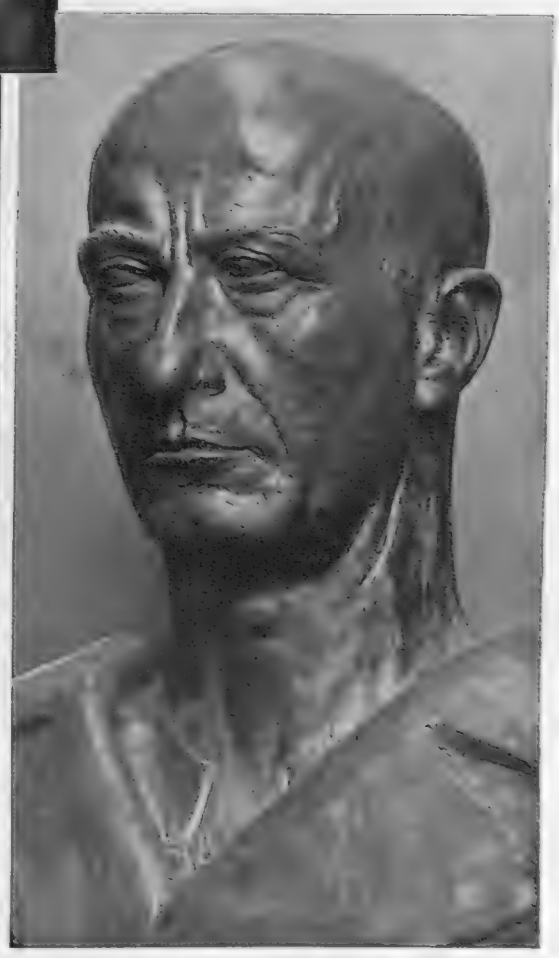
GEMS from the VENICE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION

and a Holbein Discovery

"PEASANT WOMAN," BY NICOLA FABRICATORE: England, France, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, Checko-Slovakia, Spain, and Russia have each a pavilion at the Venice International Exhibition of Art. This year, for the first time, there is a pavilion belonging to the United States

DISCOVERED BY X-RAYS: The Holbein portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a friend of Henry VIII, discovered by the great authority on Holbein and his School, Dr. Paul Ganz. The portrait was missing for many years and was discovered, heavily covered with later painting, in the collection of the Marquis of Hastings. Above, the Holbein is seen as it is to-day, restored by the skill of Dr. Ganz

A DUTCH MASTER: Mynheer Van Delft, a noted artist of Holland, painting Cardinal Van Rossum in Rome. The portrait has recently arrived in London



"ARDENGO SOFFICI," BY ROMANO ROMANELLI: Inset above, "Girl with Mirror," by Amleto Cataldi—two of the most beautiful and striking pieces of work in the Venice Biennial Exhibition. The countries without a pavilion of their own exhibit in the Italian Pavilion

The British Pavilion at the Venice Exhibition presents groups of the paintings of Glyn Philpot, Rothenstein, and Sickert; and sculpture by Epstein, Skeaping, and H. Moore. In the French Pavilion a room is given to portraits by Van Dongen of some of the pretty women who flock to be painted by this artist.

A Word from the Wise

The Holiday Lure of the Illustrated Journal

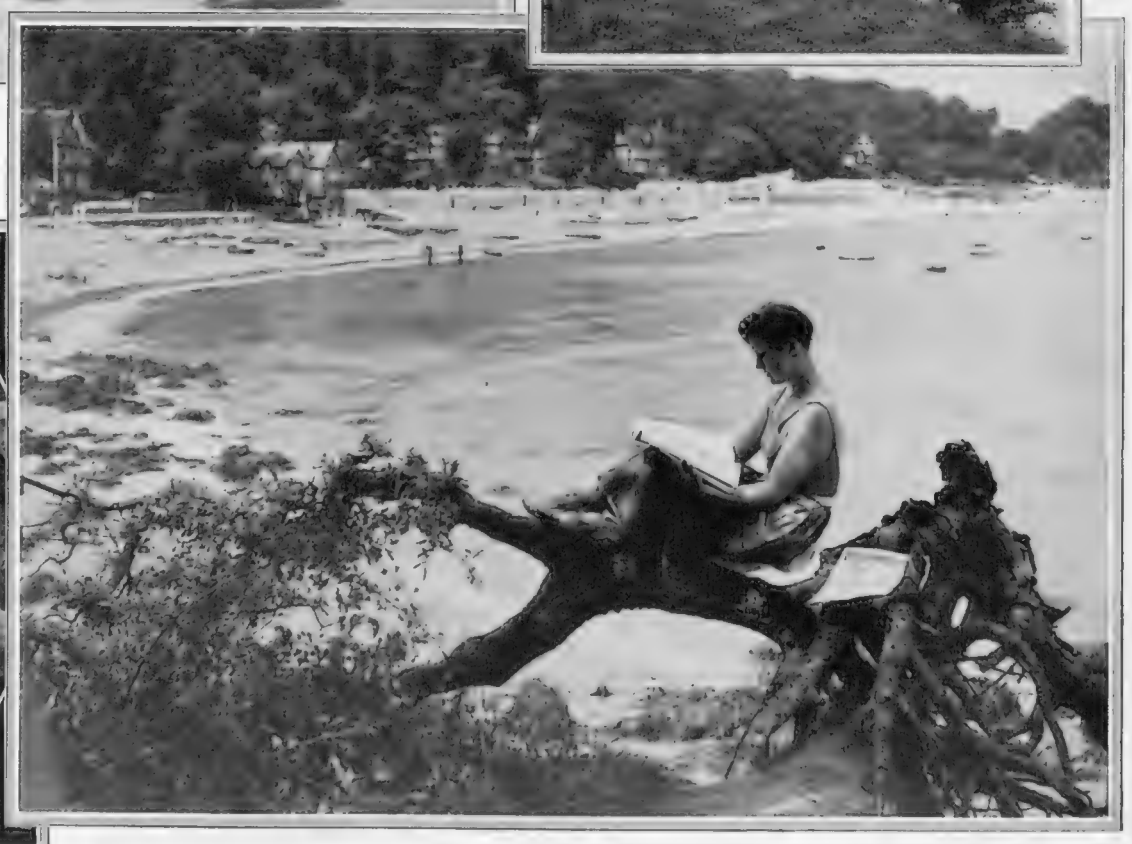
EMBRYONIC "SPHERE" READERS: The Hon. Clayre and the Hon. Moyra Campbell, the children of Lord and Lady Stratheden, find their illustrated primer pleasant summer reading

"I MUST SAY AMY'S A NICE-LOOKING GIRL": A Sabbatical interlude off the Essex coast. You keep in touch with the tide of current events most easily with the illustrated sheets

EVEN IN THE SWIMMING BATH: Miss Mercedes Gleitze (whose engagement has been recently announced) whiles away the weary hours of one of her many severe endurance tests

Inset above—*HALCYON DAYS: A quiet post-prandial interlude with cigarette and illustrated journal is always a happy holiday hour*

STAND-EASY HOUR: The attraction of modern illustrated journalism is felt keenly aboard the ships of the navies of the world. Members of the crew of H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" are seen above



AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD AND "THE SPHERE": A holiday vignette. The bather intersperses her dips in the briny with dips into the illustrated Press. In conformity with general practice, the best—"The Sphere"—is saved up till the end

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

BROADLANDS

One of the Stately Homes of England Described by its owner,

MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY

Some houses are like some people—they are "born to greatness," whilst others have greatness "thrust upon them." Broadlands is, I think, in the latter category, inasmuch as it belonged to and was the favourite home of Lord Palmerston, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, and, in consequence, became, during the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the most important houses in England. It was at once the rendezvous of the great ones of the political, social, and diplomatic world, and thereby had greatness thrust upon it.

A STATELY HOME OF ENGLAND: Broadlands, once the favourite estate of Lord Palmerston

Originally the property and the dairy farm of the influential and affluent nunnery of Romsey, it was seized by Henry VIII at the Dissolution and given by him to Lord Henry Seymour, who chanced at the moment to be his brother-in-law. He, in his turn, sold it to one John Fleming, and it passed eventually to a grand-daughter, Frances, who married John St. Barbe, and descendants of theirs lived and prospered at Broadlands until the year 1723, when the last St. Barbe, a Member for the County of Southampton, died, leaving instructions in his will to a grand-nephew, Humphrey Sydenham, that as he had no direct heir, the property should be sold three years after his death to pay off mortgages on St. Barbe property in Somersetshire.

Broadlands had by this time become a charming Elizabethan red-brick house, built in the traditional E, and not to be recognized as the simple Home Farm of the nunnery days. Then, as now, it was watered by the Test, famous as a trout stream, which makes the valley through which it flows down to Southampton one of the most beautiful in this England of ours.

Lord Palmerston was a great patron of the arts, and numbered Sir Joshua Reynolds among his guests at Broadlands. It was after a visit paid by Sir Joshua that he sent his host a picture "to hang over the sideboard at Broadlands in memory of many a good glass of wine we have had together, and which comes well within Swift's definition of a present as being something of small value but which is not easy to procure." This letter of Sir Joshua's is at Broadlands, and is one of a collection, numbering many thousands, some of which are of the greatest interest.

In the days of Queen Anne a vast retinue of servants was thought necessary, and for them beer was brewed in an adjacent brew-house, an old brick building with great oak beams showing their defiance of time. Not far away stand the red-brick stables, the lower part built in the time of Charles II, the upper storey added during the reign of William and Mary. Hanging on the walls are the heavy chains used over the doors when the Prime Minister's racehorses were housed therein, and many silver gilt racing cups remain to bear testimony to his racing successes.

AN APARTMENT OF STATE: The great salon at Broadlands with its impressive arch

THE DRAWING ROOM: This leads into the salon, seen reproduced on left

About the same time that the upper storey was added to the stables the oak-room in the house was panelled. It was then the principal sitting-room and is now a convenient spot in which to house many curios, which include the family's duelling-pistols and the old leather "black jacks," or bombards, used for beer in the servants' hall. A picture of Dorothy Sidney looks down from within the Grinling Gibbons wreath surrounding her. Her shaved and extremely high forehead would ever prevent her admission to the ranks of beauty as viewed by to-day's standards; but to the poet Walker she was "Sacharissa," and merited his "Lines to a Girdle" and other poems.

THE HALL: A charming and imposing apartment whose cold formality is relieved by the fine skin rugs

As in so many English country-houses there are portraits by Sir Peter Lely adorning the walls. The collection was added to by the second Viscount Palmerston, who purchased many of the contents of Moor Park from Sir William Temple when that distinguished diplomatist fell on evil days. The second Palmerston also acquired the herd of black and white "belted" or "sheet" cattle, natives of Schleswig-Holstein, and brought from there by Sir William Temple when he journeyed to Nimeguen. Descendants of this herd are at Broadlands to-day attached to the Home Farm, keeping the dairy supplied with their milk and cream, and are the only herd in existence in this country.

I must make mention of the model dairy near the house, which was also decorated by Henry Holland. It is panelled in white tiles faintly opal tinted, and the milk-pans—some of which are Wedgwood china and most quaintly shaped—stand upon white marble wall-tables. Opposite is a green and white tea-room, whither the ladies repaired for tea and syllabubs at four o'clock in the afternoon. This dairy was in use until about seventy years ago, when it was deemed desirable to turn the cow yard near by into a garden, and to build a new dairy near the Home Farm. The old one remains as a very perfect example of what a thing of beauty a dairy may be, and the tea-room I use always for that meal during the summer months.

Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, succeeded to Broadlands as a very young boy. He eventually added a wing to the existing square porticoed house, and also built on a sitting-room for himself. Here he worked, standing to write at a high desk, a custom carried on by his descendants. The room is full of his possessions, and its arrangement to-day is very much the same as at the time of his death in 1865. Palmerston tradition is greatly prized in his favourite home, for there is so much evidence of his occupation of the house. I have done everything possible to retain the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century atmosphere in this most classic interior. Some people quarrel with the somewhat austere decoration associated with Holland, and do not perceive the dignity thereof. They attempt modernity in their colouring and furnishings, and thereby create an atmosphere of discordant strife in their desire to superimpose their taste upon what is already so calmly perfect.

On the death of the Prime Minister in 1865 Broadlands passed to his second stepson, William Cowper, who later became Lord Mount Temple. The charm of Broadlands is its setting, the fact that it can never be modern and must always be typically eighteenth century, and ever entirely English.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (continued)

TREES OF THE MOMENT

The Latest Foible in Interior Decoration

By ANN COATES

Seen in colour to be appreciated are these trees grouped on silver wooden blocks

A dignified form of decoration is shown on this old oak table. The tree is of modern design in green and white; the candles repeat the colour

Showing the decorative value of trees on a Jacobean coffer, where walls are papered in old-gold canvas

Both queer and exotic are the effects produced in decoration by means of beautiful little trees, hand-made, each one being an original design and of unusual colours. They are weighted at the base and finished with a piece of velvet to prevent marking furniture. This is quite one of the most fashionable forms of creating atmosphere and character in ultra-modern rooms, and is an entire change from glass.

Each tree seems to be a type all by itself, so that it is possible to choose some in tune with an old-world or a new-world home. There are those resembling autumn, in dull golds, browns, and russet tones; leaves rounded and soft which would be at home with antiques, and others of more startling shapes and colours; spikes of vivid reds and greens in straight simple lines to fit into rooms where the *décor* is modern.

Though they look like real trees in line, especially those designed with a "blown-by-the-wind" appearance, they are made of some composition (which can be washed) that one time looks realistic and another most imaginative.

In the studio, where they are are shown, the background is perfectly arranged. The walls are of old-gold canvas paper of matt surface, the woodwork of dull black paint, and furniture of old oak, showing the quaint trees on an old Jacobean coffer, while those with Cubist leaves are shown to better advantage on tall wooden cubes, silver-leafed. One tree in particular is worthy of special note, as it is an expression of modernism in its most delicate form, being painted in pale shell-pink with silver blended, sometimes tinged with blue.

With our new architecture and furniture one is sometimes at a loss to find the exact note of decoration in keeping apart from sculpture, pottery, and glass, and which will be a complete change, but these small trees supply this, and add colour interest which has so much effect on our mental outlook.

A profusion of lovely tones may very well be mixed on the narrow window-ledge. Miniature trees in low, painted bowls are designed for this purpose. There are also trees in full bloom, in berry, and with just the foliage. Those in tones of autumn leaves with the wind-blown look about them, look delightful with dark furniture, chestnut carpet, and golden brown cushions and curtains. They are a part of a scheme of character.

And for nurseries, where culture plays an early part, trees of beautiful colours, with baby gnomes, dressed in suède, sit among the tiny branches and amuse the children, teach colour values, and stir up imagination.

Dark corners, in any room, may be made interesting by one tall cube, painted to match the scheme, and a tree, lighted up from below by a hidden flood-light.

One very modern design is in jade-green and white, and is used on a dark oak tall cube, with green candles and white candlesticks. Women nowadays are careful that their tables are in sympathy with themselves and their frocks, as well as their dining-room, and if natural flowers are in the wrong colour for the moment, they are quickly replaced by trees which harmonise.

MODERN DECORATION

The Trend of the Up-to-date Designer

What does modern decoration mean? Does it depend for its vigour upon mere originality and eccentric extravagance? Or does it typify—as it seems to me—the very spirit of everyday life in this hectic age? Meaningless phrases are all too common in writing about modern art of any kind. But I believe that modern decoration at its best is standing in line with all the other salient features of this efficient and mechanical era.

The geometric beauty of the aeroplane, the stream-line severity of the racing-car—all these are obviously out of tune with Sheraton or Victorian decoration schemes. And as our lives outside become more and more complex, so inside our homes we aim, above all, at simplicity. That is the keynote of modern decoration—simplicity of line and of colour; and that is what I mean when I say that I believe that modern decoration does truly represent the essentials of our world.

Every room in a house, be it decorated in modern style throughout as is most satisfactory and economical, must possess complete symmetry and plainness of line. Such a background is essentially full of character and yet entirely non-committal.

One of the great advantages of the modern system is that the more exquisite your particular antique the more excellently is it displayed against the severe and unadorned beauty of the modern floor and walls. Crudely fashioned masks of Africa may share honours with an ornate Victorian knick-knack, with which the most sophisticated of to-day's ornament extravagance will strike no false note.

One may assemble ages and nationalities in one small room provided one uses discrimination, and delightfully naif or sophisticated effects result. Rooms may be mixed too. By that I mean that one room in the smallest of very small houses may be utterly modern, while the others, left in their old-fashioned state, will not seem at all bizarre.

Modern decoration is cheaper than any other. It is definitely possible to furnish a small house to-day in completely modern style without incurring any extra expense, rather in fact the reverse. Nowadays one saves so much in superfluities that one finds something over with which to purchase the one good ornament or picture that the modern room demands. Suites of furniture, too, are a little out-of-date already. An odd table or sideboard is all that is really necessary, so that here again a saving is effected. Of course it is difficult for the uninitiated to differentiate between the truest examples of modern pieces and merely crude "sensational" furniture.

To-day, however, the majority of good English cabinet-makers are all turning out reliable work, so that if one buys from a good firm one may be assured of not going far wrong. Paris and Germany are the leading supporters of the new furniture movement. The demand for the finest examples of modernity in both countries is enormous. In England we can design and make the furniture and *décor* admirably, but the demand for the finest stuff is comparatively so small that it is not easy to come by.

The space- and labour-saving qualities of the new furnishing era cannot be over-rated. Built-in furniture is one of its best characteristics. If the original walls do not permit, false panels are devised in which cupboards and shelves are cunningly cut. Sometimes they have doors of wood, sometimes of glass, sometimes they hold ornaments, sometimes household necessities. But more often than not they possess their own electric lighting, and serve a distinctly decorative purpose. Conservatism is all very well, but why *should* we have our gas or electric fires on the floor level, so that we have to stoop to warm our hands, and shoulders freeze while legs are burning?

Modern-decoration ideas include stoves that are inserted in the walls at a convenient level, and they are also responsible for the attractive composition work that form walls and ceiling as well as floors.

N. C.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (cont.)

The Marquise's bedroom, showing the wall opposite the bed, which is entirely panelled in mirror, reflecting the walls of the room, which are covered with three-ply mahogany

Walls of natural plain mahogany give the study an air of warmth and comfort. A small cocktail bar is concealed behind a sliding panel in the wall opposite the low settee shown in the picture

The drawing-room shows the clever use of mirror glass, for the wall above the black glass fireplace is covered with it and reflects the arrangement of the bookshelves on the opposite wall

The walls and ceiling of the drawing-room are painted a "heaven"-blue and the chairs are covered in aquamarine-blue velvet.

One side of the entrance hall showing the plate glass hall table and the false window of white opaque glass, which is lit from behind. Below this the radiator is encased in a lattice-worked cover of natural mahogany

STYLE MODERNE

in the London House of the MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY

The new London flat of the Marquise de Casa Maury was designed by J. Duncan Miller, the young Englishman who is rapidly becoming one of the most influential leaders of modern English decoration.

In the living room effective use has been made of mirror glass so that the room appears far larger than it really is. The walls and ceiling have been painted a light "heaven" blue, and the square armchairs and settee are covered in aquamarine-blue velvet, whilst the curtains are sapphire-blue. The wall round the black glass fireplace is panelled with mirror. The room is lit entirely by lamps that are placed about the room on low glass tables.

The dining-room is a symphony in green and white, and has the cool loveliness of water music. The table is of sea-green glass, and the tall elegant dining-room chairs are covered in aquamarine velvet. The curtains are sown with bronze, gold, and silver sequins, and give a shimmering cool effect.

The Marquise's study, fitted with a small cocktail bar hidden behind a sliding panel, is lined and panelled with natural mahogany. A writing-desk is built-in beneath the window, and there is a large comfortable square settee placed opposite the bar.

Both the bedrooms are simply furnished; that of the Marquise has a quiet elegance, for rare pieces of French eighteenth century furniture have been placed in a modern setting of white walls and aquamarine curtains and covers.

The Marquise's bedroom is modernly austere as befits a man's room, and has walls covered with three-ply mahogany. In vivid contrast the curtains and bed-cover are of sapphire blue velvet. Cupboards for clothes and a dressing-table, lined with reflex mirrors, are set flush in the walls, and the wall opposite the bed is lined with mirror.

D.P.

A GLORY of FRANCE

Chartres—a Continent away from Paris

by R. F. BROAD

Paris, to the north-east, is no more than half a day's easy journey; but you come to Chartres to feel immediately that the capital is a Continent away. Perhaps you are a little tired of the restless noise of Paris and rather anxious for peace and quiet. If so, you come in the right mood for Chartres; and you will find what you seek at least in the Cathedral if not in the narrow, drowsy streets.

You can come very easily. Either by coach from Paris or by rail; but if you are wise you will drive into it yourself in the evening when it is left undisturbed in its tranquil seclusion. There is the Place des Epars, with an equestrian Marceau in the centre; there is a post office of a splendour so amazing that it seems a pity one can buy nothing therein but stamps and postal orders. Town Hall, Museum, Palais de Justice, Prefecture—this is no village! It will remind you irresistibly of Canterbury, because its winding lanes with their odd little shops all seem to have the same trick that you see in the Kentish city. A sudden turn, and that glory of Chartres, Notre Dame, looms in the background. Go where you will, the lanes turn you to the Cathedral; and when you can no longer resist, but must go to it, they will lead you proudly to the Close.

Here legend is rich. It tells how the builders of the Cathedral left a gap in the lofty arch over the altar. They call it "The Eye of Chartres," and through it, for a brief space each day, comes a bright sunray to gild the altar. The sun has another trick—in the north window there is a red lens and through it he sweeps a crimson beam in a great circle as he begins to sink.

There is no better time to meet Notre Dame de Chartres than before sunset, because, set in the stone over the west door, is a rose window. With the sunset streaming through it, the sight of that window is something to be remembered for ever; there are no words to describe it.

THE CANTERBURY OF FRANCE: One notable feature of Notre Dame de Chartres lies in its asymmetrical spires—epitome of cathedral France

Nowhere else in the world will you see stained glass such as this, whether you think of its magnificence or its preservation. In each of the four walls are set rose windows, and you will never decide which is the loveliest. With all our skill and science to-day, the finest glazing we can produce is flat and lustreless beside the art of ten centuries ago. We have lost the secret of the "life"—the gorgeous richness of the colour, its depth, its tangibility.

The roof, the size and span of the Cathedral are such that you feel our church at Salisbury could be set inside it. More than a hundred and twenty feet it towers above you, losing itself in the twilit, loving curve of distant height. Everywhere the stone has been wrought into delicate carving, patterned and traced with a detail that needs a lens for its full appreciation. You cannot see the roof, but if you could scale it you would find no less elaboration chiselled from the stone—although it is immediately obvious that it can be hardly ever seen and appreciated. Such is pride of craft! The capitals of the pillars are just dimly visible—all alike in main outline, but in detailed finish, each different from its neighbours in a hundred little ways.

Each of those ancient workmen could please himself when it came to the fineness of finishing, and the answer lies in a wealth of variety. One capital is plain, because somewhere the building had to be left unfinished. You know the old legend—"Perfection is of God alone"—and you can see how we ourselves have been faithful to it at Bush House, Aldwych, where, too, there is a plain capital.

To describe that infinity of patient sculpture and ornamentation is impossible. See it, and you will realize that. You will know nothing more than a dumb amazement that such greatness could have been achieved with such primitive means as the builders must have had, and will wonder how it could have been done. How did they raise those vast masses of stone to that giddy height?

You will leave Chartres with a great regret, and look back to the silhouette of its beautifully asymmetrical spires with a sigh—an asymmetry that is surely the most characteristic feature of Cathedral France. You may have come from Rouen, past that other Notre Dame; you will, perhaps, go on to Bourges and so, as I did, through medieval towns that take you back to forget the twentieth century. Spacious Lyons—Avignon, with its summer hint of nearing Africa and its graceful Pont Saint-Benezet—Nimes, and the Pont du Gard—Arles, where you may sit in the arena and, half closing your eyes, think yourself Cæsar. Perhaps on to noisy, sprawling, dusty Marseilles. But go where you will, Chartres will call you back to unhurried calm and quaintness, a beauty of stone.

BEAUTIES of BELGIUM

The historic cities of the Cockpit of Europe

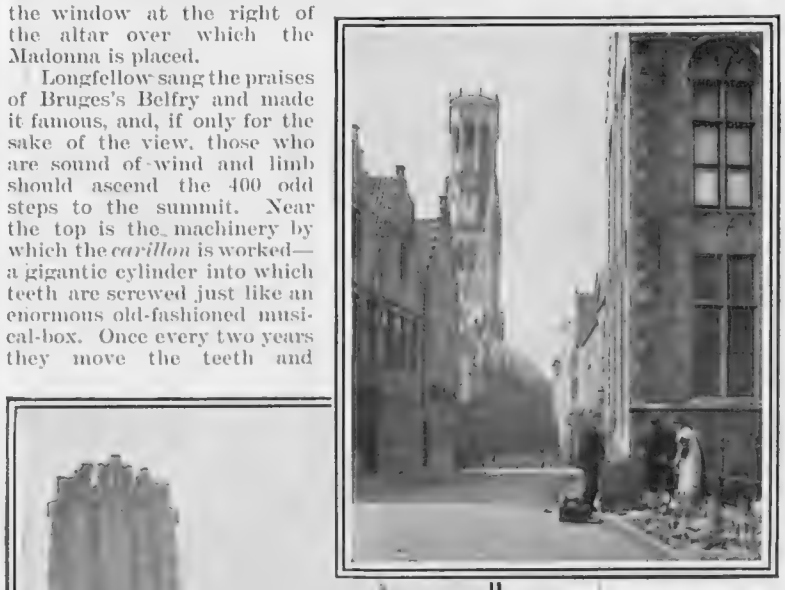
by P. COOTE

Belgium added to her reputation for being the "Cockpit of Europe" during the years 1914–1918, but happily little damage was done to the historic towns—if we except the sad cases of Ypres, Malines, Louvain, and a few others which suffered irremediable losses. Ghent even gained by the War, for the priceless missing panels of the Van Eycks's masterpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," which had reposed in Germany for some centuries, were restored to their rightful place in the Cathedral Church of St. Baron under the terms of the Peace Treaty. Throughout the War the actual picture lay hidden in Ghent, and, like the phial containing the Holy Blood at Bruges, defied all efforts by the invaders to find it.

No longer need the motorist fear, as in pre-War days, the discomforts of *pavé*, for the majority of the roads have been re-made and compare favourably with any in Europe—another beneficial result of the War. Half-an-hour's easy drive from Ostend or Zeebrugge (now historic on account of the epic raid by the British Navy on St. George's Day, 1918) brings the traveller to that delightfully quaint old town of Bruges with its network of canals and relics of a past age of prosperity due to its weaving industry.

In Bruges there may be seen many art treasures of priceless worth. The Church of Notre Dame, which, like many other Belgian churches, is a veritable museum, is the home of a remarkable statue of the Virgin and Child. It is difficult to believe that so perfect a piece of work was sculptured by Michael Angelo at the tender age of 22, but this is nevertheless a fact which adds considerably to the interest of the carving; the best point from which to view it is from under the window at the right of the altar over which the Madonna is placed.

Longfellow sang the praises of Bruges's Belfry and made it famous, and, if only for the sake of the view, those who are sound of wind and limb should ascend the 400 odd steps to the summit. Near the top is the machinery by which the *carillon* is worked—a gigantic cylinder into which teeth are screwed just like an enormous old-fashioned musical-box. Once every two years they move the teeth and thereby change the tune.



A CORNER IN BRUGES: An enchanting aspect of the delightful old-world town. On left—An impressive vista in Malines, showing the cathedral of St. Rombaud

Ghent's Belfry is less imposing than that at Bruges, but it has the inestimable advantage of having a lift—an awe-inspiring piece of machinery, but nevertheless a serviceable lift.

Passing through Brussels, with its wonderful store of art treasures and historic buildings, there is Louvain which suffered so terribly during the early part of the War. The library with its priceless collection of volumes is no more—the victim of *Kultur*—but a new library has risen phœnix-like from its ashes, though the work of replacing the books must prove a more formidable task. The fifteenth-century church of St. Pierre was also badly damaged, but the beautiful Hôtel de Ville suffered little harm.

Malines is mainly famous for its *carillon* in the tower of the Cathedral Church which, oddly enough, is dedicated to an Irish Saint, St. Rombold (Rombaud), who brought Christianity to Malines, where he suffered martyrdom for his pains, in the eighth century. The *carillon* is generally admitted to be the finest in Belgium, and this is perhaps not surprising since Malines has been famous for its bell-founders since the fifteenth century. There is a *carillon* school in Malines and those who wish to learn all about an interesting craft may have a two-years' course free.

The cathedral, while not beautiful, contains some valuable pictures, including a Van Dyck.

Delightfully situated over the Meuse in the romantic Ardennes district, Namur has an imposing fort and some interesting churches, the chief of which is the Cathedral of St. Aubin. Along the banks of the Meuse are many charming and picturesque stretches, among rocky and rugged scenery, which provide some of Belgium's most alluring attractions.

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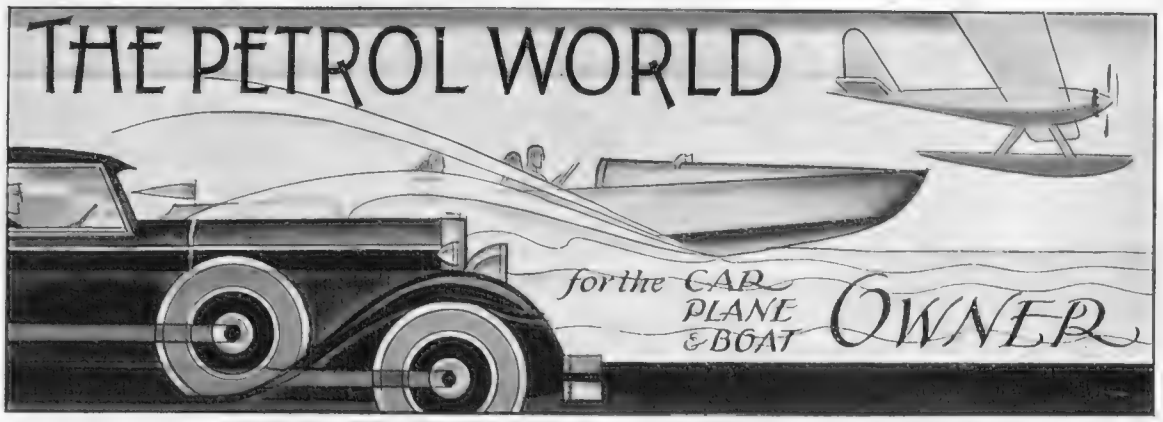


LAND conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

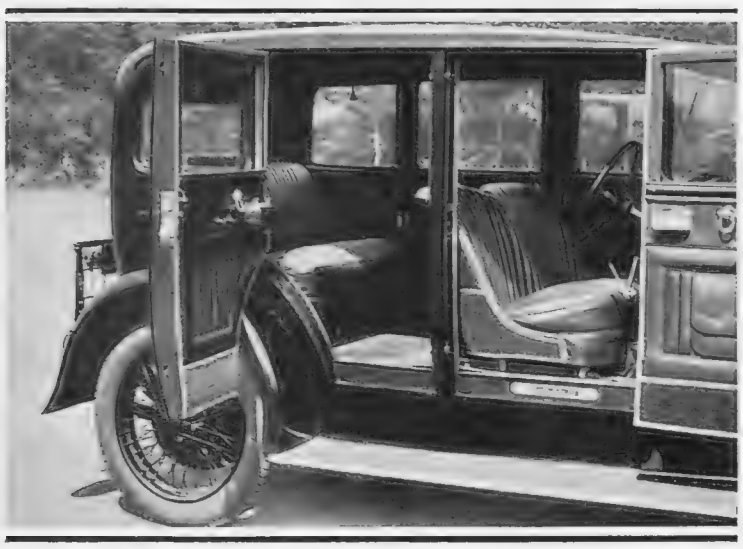
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"

MOTORISTS LOOK UP.—The home-coming of Miss Amy Johnson has once again given aviation a fresh impetus, and I find, just as one would expect, that motorists are the people who, more than any others, are turning their attention to the air.

Although we all deplore the overdoing of Miss Johnson's return by a certain selection of the Press, the sober-minded section of the community are definitely impressed with the wonderful display of skill and pluck which this air-girl gave. Most of us may not have stood in the streets for hours and waved coloured handkerchiefs, and we may not have been late in our offices because we were absorbed in reading the accounts of some large tea-party given in Miss Johnson's honour, but that does not say that we are not genuinely interested in her achievement. As a matter of fact, it has made many people, particularly motorists, wonder whether the piloting of an aeroplane is a much more difficult job than driving a motor-car.

At first sight the task seems so immense and so full of dangers that I, for one, rather imagine that I could never master the controls. Probably, however, if a person of my age were to have two or three runs in a motor-car without having had any previous experience, the clutch, brake pedals, the steering-wheel, and the gear-lever would all appear to be controls which, if mis-applied, would hurl the operator and his passengers straight on to the path leading to eternity.

I, for one, learnt to drive a motor-car when I was about nineteen, and the thought of danger never occurred to me; again, like all other youth, I was imbued with an inflated idea of my own competence. The fact, therefore, that I thought nothing of the difficulties of learning to drive when I was nineteen, and now, when I am much older, have grave misgivings as to my ability to control an aeroplane, certainly does not prove that the latter is difficult to handle.



Luxury: An impression of the luxurious interior of the new Silver Crossley, a 6-cylinder 15.7-h.p. vehicle introduced at the moderate figure of £545 by the royally patronized firm

FLYING COSTS.—One or two readers have written to ask me what it costs to have the necessary tuition, and unfortunately I am not able to give any definite reply. The usual arrangement at a school of flying is to charge the pupil a certain sum per hour, and so the total amount depends on the ability of the learner.

The Brooklands School of Flying, for instance, charge £4 per hour to the public, or £3 3s. per hour to members of the Brooklands Aero Club. Pupils have been known to get their "ticket" after six hours' flying, and so the total cost would be £18 18s. to a member of the club referred to, or £24 to the general public. I think I can say that to "pass out" after six hours is the exception rather than the rule. Beyond giving those figures, however, I am unable to tell any inquirer how much the poorer in cash he will be should he take up a complete course.

The Brooklands School of Flying have turned out some remarkable pilots, and only the other day another of their pupils passed through with flying colours after only being taught for six hours. My male readers need not throw out their chests, because the pupil referred to was a woman, though a very remarkable one, namely, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce. She is now a fully qualified pilot and can be seen almost any day down at Brooklands starting off on her Bluebird machine for various parts of the country.

Like everything that Mrs. Bruce takes up, she has attached herself to aviation in the most earnest manner. She will not be satisfied until she knows most things, not only concerning the controls of the aeroplane, but also the various complicated mysteries of navigation. She has already given a remarkable proof of her aptitude for learning not only quickly but thoroughly. She is reported to have made plans for an extensive world tour, and although I do not wish either to contradict or confirm this report, I do feel certain that whatever she undertakes she will carry through with the utmost efficiency and the greatest success.

THE BROOKLANDS SCANDAL.—The newspapers during the last week have been having a glorious time over the incident which occurred at the last Brooklands meeting and, as usual, thousands upon thousands of words have been written by newspaper representatives who obviously know very little of what they are writing about. Let me state the bare facts.

Since 1928 certain lines have been painted on the track near, and approaching, the Vickers shed at the Fork. There is a curve at this point, and it is, unfortunately, "blind:" Those responsible for running the track in the past very properly adopted this plan so as to increase the safety of the competitors, the object being to prevent as far as possible the danger of a faster competitor running into a slower one whilst on this part of the track, and to allow the "scratch" man who, if he is to win, must pass all the others, a clear run, and always to be certain of that fact at this particular part of the track where his visibility is impaired.

During this year the Stewards appointed for each meeting have kept careful observation at this point as well as at others, and they have been issuing warnings to various drivers who did not keep to the left of the lines allotted to them. Warnings are all right in their way, but rules naturally become a farce if nothing more than warnings ever result when they are transgressed. At the Whit Monday meeting one driver was excluded, and I think this ought to have been sufficient to have made all other competitors realize that the Stewards were going to act rather than talk.

The Committee of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club requested me to issue to every driver before he started on Bank Holiday a printed slip again reiterating the importance of regarding these safety lines, and pointing out that they should not be crossed in any circumstances whatever, and that direct action would result in the case of anyone who transgressed. I want to make it quite clear that these rules are not in any way new, and that more than ample warning has been given that they must always be observed.

Rules are usually promulgated really for the benefit of fools, but everyone, whether expert or novice, must carry them out. Whether another car is baulked or not does not really matter one iota, and there is no suggestion whatever that in the two cases which have arisen that anything of that kind occurred. A rule is a rule, and if the Stewards had intended it only to be in operation when one car was trying to pass another they would have stated so, but what was actually promulgated was that the lines should not be crossed in any circumstances whatever.

AUTHORITY—The public may be interested to know who are the Committee that are responsible for making these rules, for it must be remembered that the Stewards' duties are only to carry out the rules, and not to make them. The Racing Committee of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club is as follows:

Captain H. R. S. Birkin, Mr. M. G. W. Burton, Mr. J. R. Cobb, Major G. G. Coe, Mr. S. C. H. Davis, Mr. K. Lee Guinness, Earl Howe, the Earl of Cottenham, Colonel F. Lindsay Lloyd, Mr. Lionel Martin, and Captain Malcolm Campbell.

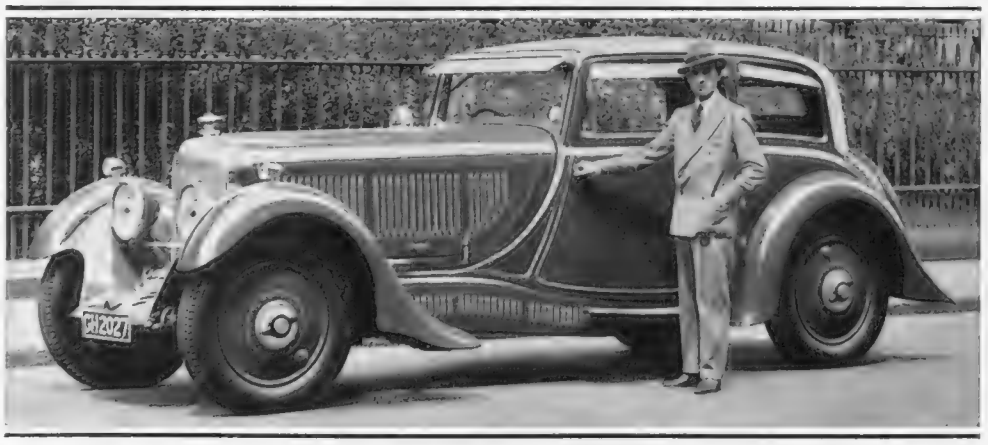
One would scarcely describe these distinguished individuals as "bearded old gentlemen" who do not know one end of a motor-car from another. If there is anything wrong with the rule which has apparently caused so much trouble, I feel certain that this very active and expert committee will alter it.

There is another aspect of the incident which I think should be noticed. If a rule cannot for some physical reason be obeyed by a competitor, he should approach the executive before the event, and not afterwards. In spite of all that has been written, I would like to assure my readers that most of the trouble exists in the minds of the people who have written reports, and that actually the people concerned are not nearly so agitated as the public are led to believe

T.T. ENTRIES.—The majority of the drivers for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race have now been nominated, and it is assured that most of the best known racing men in Europe will be competing in Ulster on August 23 next. The principal interest will undoubtedly lie in the return match between Captain H. R. S. Birkin and Herr Rudolf Caracciola. The German driver beat Captain Birkin in Dublin early this month, but he had a no-trouble run, and with the slight advantage on the handicap which the R.A.C. race gives to the Bentleys as compared with the Dublin event, it would appear that Captain Birkin has a good chance of winning the Tourist Trophy for England this year. Captain Malcolm Campbell and Earl Howe are again driving Mercédès cars, and Mr. Harcourt Wood and Mr Jack Dunfee will be in charge of the two remaining Bentleys, with the famous French driver, Jean Chassagne, as reserve driver to the team.

The Italian challenge will be exceptionally strong this year. Campari, Varzi, and Nuvolari will drive the 2-litre models and Kaye Don the 1,500 c.c. Campari finished second in the Tourist Trophy Race last year, only two-and-a-half minutes behind Caracciola, and also occupied the same place in Dublin this year; Varzi was first in the Italian 1,000-miles race and also won the Targa Florio; he has also attained distinction in the motor-cycle races in the Isle of Man. Nuvolari is not so well known in this country, but is in all probability the equal of his two companion drivers. Kaye Don won the T.T. in 1928 on a Lea-Francis and at present holds the lap record at Brooklands. As a proof of the strength of the Alfa Romeo entry it need only be stated that G. E. T. Eyston is the reserve driver. In addition to the Alpha Romeos, there is a further Italian challenge in the O.M. entry, the drivers of which are Ramponi, Minoia, and Fronteras. Of these, the best known is Ramponi, who won the Double Twelve Hour Race in 1928. He is a brilliant driver on corners, and should be especially suited by the Ards Circuit in Ulster. Minoia is a comparative stranger, but he has a high reputation in his own country, and will thoroughly enjoy the twists and turns of the T.T. course, which last year was described by one of the foreign competitors as the most difficult road circuit in the world. Other drivers of Italian cars are R. F. Oats and L. G. Callingham, both of whom have driven in previous T.T. Races and finished well up.

The R.A.C. has been advised by the entrant that the Lagonda cars will not start in the race, also that Mr. L. C. Rawlence has decided to withdraw his O.M. This leaves the number of probable starters at forty-three, being one less than the number which started in 1928.



Makers of Music Both: Mr. Ambrose, the leader of the famous orchestra, with his new Speed-Six Bentley purchased through Rootes Ltd. The well-known car is noted for its "note"—music to motorists' ears—as well as for its smoothness, pace, and reliability

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The PETROL WORLD in the AIR.

Aeronautical Notes of the Week

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of The Aeroplane)

History at close quarters is always difficult to put in its proper perspective. But there is no getting away from the fact that last week was *one* of the great historic weeks in British aeronautics. First of all there was the arrival of *R100* in Canada—the first airship voyage from England to a British Dominion. And second, there was Captain Charles Barnard's astonishing flight from England to Malta and back in two days—the first flight by a civil aircraft from England to a British possession overseas without a stop.

This latter flight is likely to be overshadowed in the eyes of the Great British Public by the voyage of the *R 100* and by the return of Miss Amy Johnson, but actually it is one of the most important events that has ever happened to British aviation, for it shows that we can, if only we go the right way to work, run our Imperial mails to the East and to Australia without stopping at aerodromes in foreign countries. That such a flight should have been made in a standard-type light aeroplane (the De Havilland Puss Moth with an inverted Gipsy engine), merely with extra tanks fitted in the passenger seats, is further confirmation of the supremacy of British light aeroplanes which was so clearly shown a week earlier in the Round-Europe competition. Captain Barnard's lone-hand flights of over 1,200 miles on each of two consecutive days is one of the finest performances in the world's history of flying. One does not forget the great non-stop flight to India by Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins, in the Fairey monoplane—but that was a purely Governmental affair.

Also we should remember that this is the third time Captain Barnard has shown our civil aviation authorities how to get about from one British Dominion to another. The first time was when, with the Duchess of Bedford and Mr. Robert Little, he flew to India and back in a week—and incidentally went there in three-and-a-half days, against the six to seven days taken by the Imperial Air Mail, and the six days taken, some months later, by Miss Amy Johnson, which was hailed as a record. The second time was when he flew to the Cape and back again with the Duchess of Bedford and Mr. Little in about a fortnight (I forget the exact number of days, and have not the reference by me).

In relation to the voyage of *R 100*, those people who cannot believe that there is anything good in airships ought to take special note of the fact that airship voyages across the Atlantic have been so far 100 per cent. efficient, whereas aeroplane voyages are, I should say at a rough guess, barely 50 per cent. efficient. That is to say, everybody who has started across the Atlantic in an airship has got across safely, and more than half the people who have tried to cross the North Atlantic by aeroplane have been drowned, without reckoning ten people—two in each of two machines and three each in two others—who after being forced down in the Atlantic had the amazing luck to be picked up.

Altogether about 500 people have crossed safely by airship and only about twenty by aeroplane.

The first airship to cross the Atlantic was the British airship *R 34*, which went there and back in 1919. Then in 1924 the Zeppelin *ZR 3* went from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst and back, and afterwards went from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst and stopped there as the property of the U.S. Navy, which was three trips. The next ship across was the *Graf Zeppelin*, which made the trip from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst and back twice, in 1928 and 1929. Then she went round the world, and crossed the Atlantic at the end of her voyage. Then she went from Friedrichshafen to Rio, in Brazil—but we can leave that out, as we are only discussing the North Atlantic voyages. From Rio she went up to New York and again crossed the North Atlantic back to Germany. That makes six transatlantic crossings for her. And now, lastly, the *R 100* has crossed the Atlantic.

All told, that makes twelve crossings of the Atlantic by airships, and on an average each ship carried over forty people. So altogether about 500 people have crossed the North Atlantic safely by airship, which is apart from the safety demonstrated by the voyage completely round the world by the *Graf Zeppelin* and the voyage from Friedrichshafen to Rio and up to New York.

When you come to think of it, that is not at all a bad record considering how few airships there have been in the world since the end of the War 1914–18, and the consequent breaking-up of the German Zeppelin fleet under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

Naturally there have been serious accidents to airships. But they have been few and far between considering the quite elementary stage in which the art of airship construction still finds itself. The *R 38*, which was built in England and sold to the American Government, broke her back in the air near Hull in 1921, and five people were saved and forty-four were lost. In 1923 the Zeppelin airship which was taken over by the French Government as a war trophy and put into service under the name of the *Dixmude*, was blown out to sea in the Mediterranean and lost with all hands, probably about thirty of them.

But even that is not at all a bad record, considering that all airships are still quite experimental.

Probably most people do not know that even before the outbreak of War in 1914 the Zeppelin company had a very fine record of safety. Apart from the two or three ships which they had built for the German Navy and for the German Army, they had several experimental ships of their own which they used for carrying passengers, though actually for joy rides and not for any regular form of transport. Two or three of these machines had been completely wrecked in gales, but the Zeppelin company were able to boast justifiably that they had carried something like 20,000 paying passengers without hurting any of them.

(For illustrations see p. 293 of this issue)

MALTA and BACK in TWO DAYS

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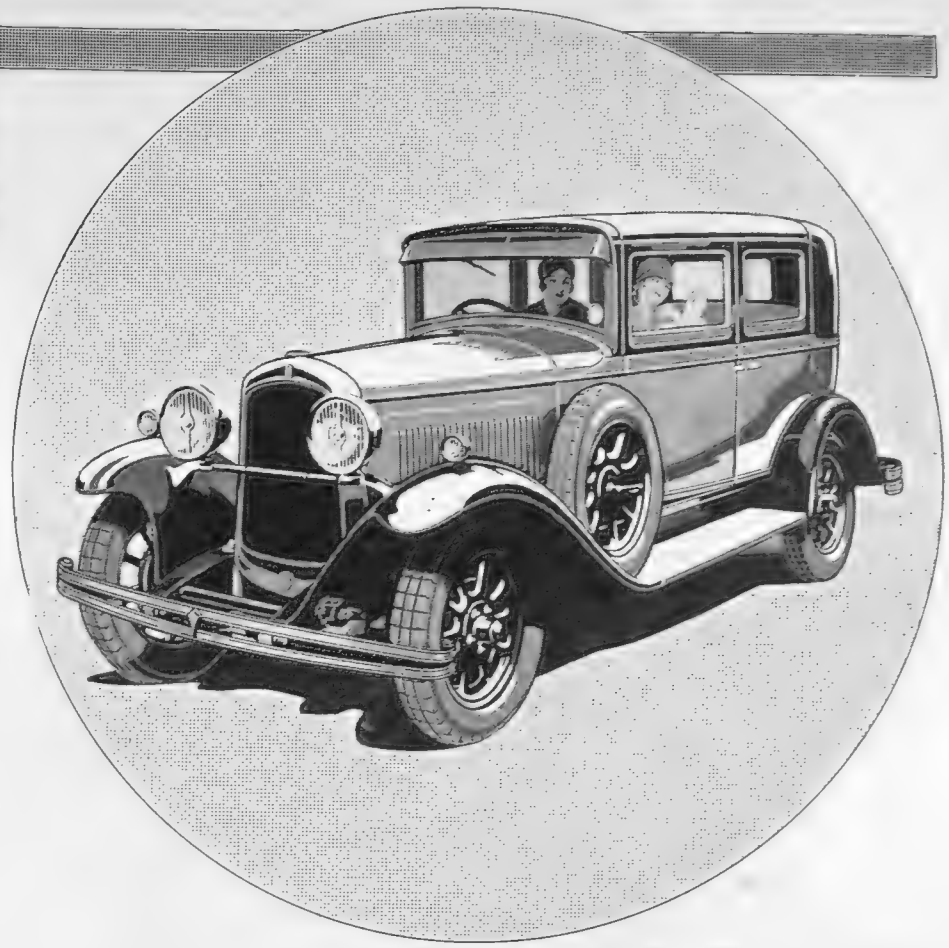

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Lamson

THE KING SEES "OUR AMY"

before she flies to her home in Hull

We put on record here the story of a wonderful week in the life of the nation's air heroine, Amy Johnson. It begins with a vociferous procession through the streets of London to the Savoy Hotel, where "Our Amy" received a cheque for £10,000 from *The Daily Mail*. At this banquet of Youth she remarked that a few months ago she would willingly have queued up in order to see from a distance any of the distinguished folk around her; it was one of the great pleasures which had come to her that she was able to meet them thus, face to face. Mr. J. H. Thomas made an amusing speech, and side-slipped somewhat over a joke which involved the two million unemployed. A distinguished daily paper also became entangled over a comparison, forgetting that they are always "odorous." The next scene shows Amy Johnson receiving a second token of esteem, this time from Sir William Morris of motor-car fame—a very pretty present indeed. We cannot follow our air heroine through the private receptions and festus; they culminated in a visit to the King at Buckingham Palace on Monday, after his return from Cowes. His Majesty invested Miss Johnson with the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and a few hours later the moment arrived for a departure for Hull, her "home town," to use a convenient Americanism. She once more mounted into the saddle of her faithful *Jason*, and with an escort of nine other planes, made a successful flight to Hedon Aerodrome at Hull, where she was duly received by the Mayor and by thousands of Hull citizens.

SHE GOES IN STATE TO RECEIVE HER CHEQUE OF £10,000 from *The Daily Mail* at the Savoy Hotel, mounted police keeping the way clear

AMY RECEIVES AN ATTRACTIVE TOURING CAR from Sir William Morris in front of the Grosvenor House Hotel, where she stayed while in London

SHE WAS ONCE MORE IN THE SADDLE of her faithful "Jason" at the beginning of the week when she flew from Stag Lane

TWO ECHOES FROM THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY: Correspondents send us a glimpse of Amy solemnly seated by the Mayor of Colombo, and one of her on camel-back at the Pyramids—an open-air moment

OUR AIR HEROINE GOES TO THE PLAY while in London, but seems to take the plot a little seriously, as, let us hope, it deserved

AMY NEARLY LOST A SHOE as she was being helped out of the "Jason" by the welcoming officials of Hull, her home town, which gave her a most hearty welcome

"THREE-RING" ORANGES and GRAPE-FRUIT are grown in the Sundays River Valley, Cape Province, South Africa, by a community of Overseas British Ex-Servicemen. They raise and export to Great Britain the finest Oranges and Grape-Fruit of the whole Empire.

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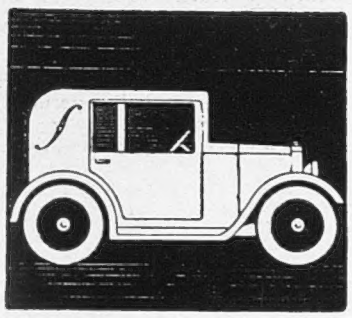
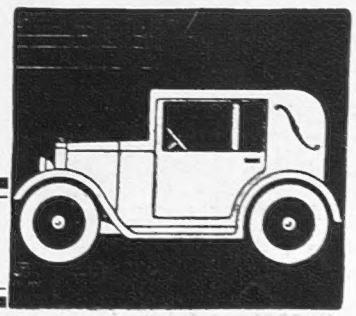


Seven years ago, the experts predicted failure for the small 7-horse-power car; but its pioneer chose to let the motoring public be its judge.

It was the outcome of one man's inspiration and faith in his own judgment . . . Had he listened only to the "knowing ones" and allowed their fun-poking criticism to deter him from his idea, we should never have known the famous little 7 h.p. car which is so familiar a sight on our roads to-day.

It cost many thousands of pounds to set the first model on the road. The first people who saw it thought it was a joke. To tell anecdotes about the little car was the order of the day. They said, too, that it wouldn't do the work . . . wouldn't "stand up to it." But its sponsor proved that exactly the opposite was the case. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, he advertised his little 7 h.p. car. Told what it would do—said "try it and see!" Entered it in gruelling contests against cars twice its size, winning honours galore . . . and its achievements were broadcast by *advertising*.

Supposing no one had been told about it. Supposing the first thousand models had left the factory unheralded. There would never have been this colossal demand which enables this car—big in everything but size and cost—to sell for under £150.



Advertising told you of the 7 h.p. motor car.

THE STRANGE VILLAGE OF KIYA BE

(Continued from p. 299)

laugh. Not only is it hard for them to handle a pipe, but impossible for them to talk or eat naturally. They are always slobbering, and walk with their heads down as if in shame; the weight of the discs of course causes this. Their facial expression is that of a dumb animal that has been wounded and wonders what it is all about.

Using Ali as an interpreter, I found that the neighbouring tribes who disfigured their faces did so in early childhood when they were taken through the rites of devil worship. With them it was a religion, and had not been brought about by any necessity. The Sara Kiya Be, however, commenced the practice of disfigurement as part of a plan to save their tribe from extermination, and after the need had passed they continued the practice through established custom. The few women that I saw without the disfigurement of the discs proved to be the finest looking black women I have ever come upon, and it seems that behind this fact lies the reason for all the woes of this ancient clan.

In the days of the slave traffic, when Arab bands swept out of the desert on their quest for "black ivory," they never failed to call upon the Sara Kiya Be, for on account of their beauty these women brought the highest prices on the slave markets. The product became so scarce that even the girl babies were taken, to be reared by the Arab women until old enough to sell. Each raider aimed at getting as many of these valuable women as possible, and to do this he had to kill many of the men, so that the tribe was nearly wiped out.

How long this reign of terror continued is impossible to say, but eventually the tribe built this central fort, around which the many scattered villages were collected. When the raiders came out of the sands the people would retire to the fort and from its protecting walls were able to withstand all assaults. But further to discourage the slave-hunters of their desire for Sara Kiya Be women, they commenced the practice of disfigurement.

While there is still slavery in Africa, there are no more slave raids, and the French Government is doing its best to stamp out this practice of the discs, as well as the devil worship among the neighbouring tribes.

We left Kiya Be just after dawn, before the heat-waves had commenced their dance. The red dirt fort stood grimly looking at us, with the cocked-hat roofs and the port-hole eyes making it appear like two drunken men peeking over a wall.

ODDS and ENDS

A WORK OF ART

One of the most notable brochures ever published comes from the gifted pen of Sir Max Pemberton and is entitled *The History of Hyde Park and the House of the Grosvenors*. Illustrated in colour on alternate pages, the volume records many interesting historical events. The grant by de Mandeville of the park to the Abbots of Westminster, the Eighth Henry at Venerie, Sam Pepys, Noll Cromwell, the Prince Regent, Kit Wren, Jack Sheppard, the Iron Duke—with other high lights of the past make their appearance in illustration and the prose of the writer. Long ere Lansbury dreamed of London Lidos, or Eternity dreamed of Lansbury, Hyde Park was the green heart of the Capital. The second portion of the volume deals with that great mansion of the old-time Mayfair, Grosvenor House. Here, under the ownership of the first Earl, were gathered Salvator Rosas, Murillos, Velasquezes, Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs. The third and concluding portions of the work describes, with a glowing wealth of detail eclipsed only by the original, the new Grosvenor House that has risen phœnix-like from the ruins of the old. It is only fitting that such a high watermark of luxury and fashion as is the new Grosvenor House should have so luxurious and elegant a brochure to do it honour.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE: The Prince Regent (George IV) and the Duke of York take the air in Hyde Park—an illustration to "The History of Hyde Park and Grosvenor House," a brochure by Sir Max Pemberton

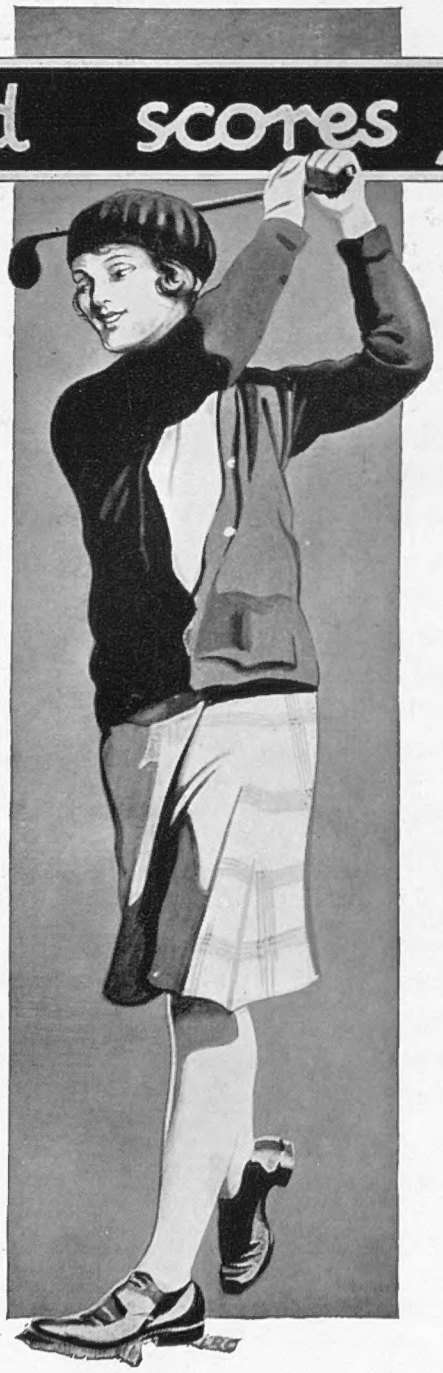
NOBLE PIANO RECORDING

The holiday season causes no diminution in the output of first-class gramophone records by "His Master's Voice," and the list contains much to suggest replenishments of music for the drawing-room, the garden, and for far afield. One cannot too highly appraise Alfred Cortot's glorious rendering of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" on three red-label discs. Gramophiles will be delighted with the masterly manner in which Cortot reveals the nobility of the pianoforte. The current issue is rich in intermezzos, there being three: that from *Jewels of the Madonna*, joyously given by the New Light Symphony Orchestra; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in which de Groot's graceful violin is accompanied by Edward O'Henry on the organ, and Coleridge-Taylor's seldom heard but most pleasing intermezzo by the Cedric Sharpe Sextet. A high-spirited introduction to the evening's home entertainment is provided by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates, in Dvorak's *Carnival* Overture, a tone picture of revelry. Everybody's favourites, the Overture to Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and his "Turkish March," will make a large demand for the Symphony Orchestra's rendering. Marek Weber and his Orchestra have the spirit of Johann Strauss's waltz tunes in their blood, and no combination could excel their playing of "Roses of the South" and "Vienna Bon-bons," the gayest and ripest of melodies.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have recently acquired Esher Place, Esher, where 170 girls will receive proper home influence and domestic training. Ten thousand pounds is urgently needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use. Please send a contribution to help in this great work of training young girls to become good and useful citizens. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Wipe out old scores!



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You can't have a Revolution without Bloodshed!

. . . . IT was the night of the 9th August, 1792. An immense tricoloured cockade in his hat, a huge sabre belted to his waist, his pockets bulging with pistols, he returned from tne hurried visit to the headquarters of the Section where he had given his final orders. How those fanaticised patriots had vociferated around him! How hideously ferocious had been those drunken brigands of "Marseillais," with bare arms brandishing their weapons, who had been specially brought across France for the work that was to do! Those cowardly Girondists had sent for them, had been afraid of them when they arrived. But they were just the men he, Danton, needed. This business was no child's play. Failure, almost certainly, meant death. He was aware of it, with a secret sinking of apprehension, an extreme of suspense, as he ascended the stone stairs, entered that larger and better apartment on the first floor of No. 1 Cour de Commerce significant of his improving fortunes. How much had they paid him in those three fantastic years, the Court idiotically to drive the Revolution into excesses that would discredit it, England fishing in troubled waters, the Duc d'Orléans, to whom alone he had been approximately loyal? He did not have the faintest idea, had carelessly thrown that gold around in handfuls, retaining only enough to have paid off his debts, to have purchased a fine estate at Arcis-sur-Aube. To a reproach his reply had been grandiose: "Willingly do they pay 80,000 livres for a man like me — but they do not get a man like me for 80,000 livres." More fools they to pay him! . . . .

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